

THE
C U R E
FOR THE
S P L E E N:

O R,
Kill C A R E and L A U G H.

A COLLECTION of
Songs, Odes, Cantatas, Burlettas, &c.
Satirical, Political, Comical, Tragi-comical, Farfical,
and Pastoral :

In the IRISH, SCOTCH, ITALIAN and ENGLISH Taste.

Compiled by STEPHEN MASSEY.

To which is added,
A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

N E W C A S T L E :
Printed in the Year 1769.



T H E

INTRODUCTION.

THE two principal requisites for a singer, are an agreeable voice, and a good ear.

Though there are many, that have neither of these requisites, who will, to oblige company (as they call it) in defiance, as it were, of both voice and ear, murder the composition of the most eminent master, added to the soft gliding measures of an elegant poet.

It is recommended to the former, that they do not, by waiting for too much intreaty, raise the expectation of the company higher than they are sure they can gratify: And to the latter, to furnish themselves with some short, instructive, or entertaining stories, anecdotes, &c.

Your too long delaying the request of your friends, in a point which would give them pleasure, and be a matter of ease to you, is, as a very

great author observes, an inexcusable fault in a gentleman. As to the ladies, to whom nature has been much kinder, in endowing them with a sweetness of voice so much superior to the other sex, he says nothing; whether he chose to pay the ladies the compliment of letting them judge for themselves, or thought they were more inexcusable than the gentlemen (as being much happier in that agreeable talent) I cannot say; therefore shall do as he has done.

It is thought proper to say thus much on this foible of refusing to sing when asked, because it is a very natural supposition, that few persons that were too ill to sing would (unless upon real business) come into company; therefore all the common place evasions will be look'd upon (as they really are) an insatiate desire of being courted.

It is commonly observed, that those who are so fond of begging to be excused, would (were the company thereon to cease their intreaty) look upon it as the greatest rudeness they could possibly be guilty of to them.

If you cannot sing, declare it positively, and it would be the height of rudeness in any person present, at such a declaration, ever to ask you again; for, it would be supposing you capable of being guilty of a falsity.

If you do not understand music, it is best to learn your songs of those who do; for it is much easier to learn ten songs that are new to you, than to be set right in one you have learnt wrong.

Be careful to be perfect in the words of your songs; pronounce them properly, and as articulate as possible; it being the chief excellence of a singer to be understood. For all the graces, trills, cadences, shakes, or warblings, that may be thrown into a song, cannot make amends for keeping the company in the dark with regard to the sense of the poet.

Remember, that sense should not give way to sound.

There are many that make mistakes in the words of their songs through carelessness, or for want of consideration; but such errors will oftener be imputed to ignorance than inadvertency.

Be careful to avoid all awkward gestures; it requires no other position, action, or expression, in the singing of a song than in telling a similar story.

There are some who (while they are singing a very sprightly air which requires action and
A 3
expression)

expression) will fall back in their chair, and shut their eyes; others who are willing to avoid that fault, will fix theirs wide open, upon the cieling (or any other part of the room) as if they were apprehensive that their singing would bring the house down upon their heads; nor will they quit their position 'till the song be ended. Many other particularities of the like nature might be instanced, but it is hoped these will answer the end that is proposed.

While any person is singing or performing on any instrument, beating the feet upon the ground, the hands upon the table, or any thing that makes a distinct sound, should be avoided, lest the performer or singer should be thereby disconcerted. This caution is meant to those who do understand music, as well as to those who do not, lest they should incur the reputation of pedants, or impertinents.

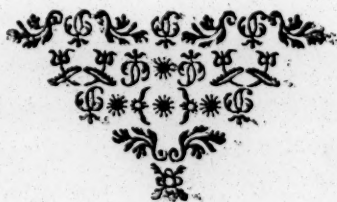
In company, the only case in which beating of time may be deem'd necessary, is in a Catch, or Duet, which should be done by one of the performers; but in a single song it will appear affected.

In singing, the mouth should be rather more opened than in speaking: Instead of which many who have a very fine voice, deprive us of the pleasure of hearing the best notes of it by keep-
ing

ing their teeth almost, if not quite shut, which produces instead of a pleasing tone, a jarring discord.

It is recommended to sing as soon as ask'd, and with as little of the usual preparation as possible; such as coughing or tuning.

I find no rules laid down for the diet of a singer, but conclude from my own observation, that that which agrees best with the constitution, is best for the voice.



THE
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M A S S E Y ' s

Collection of Songs, &c.

S O N G I.

An ODE on the SPRING.

BEHOLD the lovely rosy hours,
Glad with the smiles they bring;
Welcome again the blooming flow'rs
Fair daughters of the spring.

Now every object charms the sight,
Each scene new beauty yields;
See nature furnish with delight
The meadows and the fields.

The budding trees their pride resume,
Which winter snatch'd away;
With sweets the fanning gale's perfume,
And bless the genial day.

The feather'd songsters of the grove
Now tune their am'rous lays;
While echo joins the voice of love,
And warbles *Anna's* praise.

Anna! can truest joys impart,
 And every sense improve;
 'Tis *Anna's* youth, that warms my heart
 With *virtue* and with love.
 'Tis not in *Myra's* lovely smile,
 Or *Daphne's* brighter charms,
 In *Anna's* absence can beguile,
 Or draw me to their arms.
 If her chaste vows but constant prove,
 And be confirm'd on high;
 With her I'll share the sweets of love,
 With her I'll live and die.

S O N G II.

MAY. A New SONG.

THE birds begin to strain their throats,
 And warble through the grove;
 The *Osel* in sweet sounding notes
 For *May* declares its love.

The *thrush* the *linnet* ever gay,
 Their choicest carols sing;
 Enraptur'd fly from spray to spray,
 And welcome back the spring.

The lark in triumph soars on high,
 Through air to chant its lay;
 And still as fluttering in the sky,
 It hails returning *May*.

The *robin* and the *wren* so tame,
 The house the barn forsake;
 And in the hedge or on the plain
 Of blooming *May* partake.

In mutual love they spend the day,
 Each other they caress:
 They sing, they chirp, they bill, they play,
 And happiness possess.

The man who thus his mind employs,
On *virtue* firmly bent,
Within his bosom e'er enjoys
A mine of true content.

SONG III.

ADVERTISEMENT. Mr B.

THIS is to give notice, that a man about fifty,
Healthful and strong, and of humour thrifty,
Willing to taste of a virtuous fruition,
Would out of hand change his condition.

Beauty and youth little strefs will be laid on,
But if he could he would marry a maiden;
And to prevent any fruitless vexation.
Widows are pray'd not to make application.

Cash there must be in hand or annuity,
For which a jointure in case of veduity:
Letters from principals—post-paid as directed.
Honour and secrecy may be expected.

SONG IV.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BACCHUS invites, to taste delights
Beneath the spreading Vine:
With wreath and rod, th' staggering god
Quaffs off the sparkling wine.

Apollo's lyre, may still inspire,
The poets musing soul;
But we discry, more charms that lye,
Within the flowing bowl,

Wine of the best, will give a zest,
And every sense improve:
Then *he's* an ass, that baulks his glass,
'Tis *nectar*—mix'd with love.

Let's care defy, yet ne'er deny
 To pledge the joyous heart;
 Whose noble mind, by wine refin'd,
 Still acts the honest part.

SONG V.
 POLLY HILL.

WHILE others boast of *Kitty's* charms,
 And scribbling authors are in arms,
 To flourish with their quills:
 I sing of charms without a flaw,
 That pen nor pencil e'er cou'd draw
 So true as *Polly Hill's*.
 Conceal'd within her hazel eye,
 A swarm of *Cupids* basking lye,
 To torture and to kill;
 The flames of love my vitals seize,
 I find myself all in a blaze,
 And burn for *Polly Hill*.
 Her breasts, her neck, as lillies fair,
 Her dimpled cheeks, her auburn hair,
 Invite me oft to bill;
 On her sweet lips I seal'd a kiss,
 Sure Emblem of a future bliss
 To me—from *Polly Hill*.
 Ye lisping beaux, ye prating smarts,
 Ye male coquettes, with female hearts,
 With envy rage your fill;
 While I possess the meek, the fair,
 And in my breast the image bear,
 Of lovely *Polly Hill*.

SONG VI.
 The BACCHANALIANS.
It's own Tune.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth,
 Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth;
 What

What mortals so happy as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine :
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown,
 And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall down:
 At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine:
 To *Cæsar* and *Bacchus*, our tribute is due,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 To *Cæsar*, &c.

His worship so grave, here may revel and roar,
 The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before;
 The parson here stript of his priest-hood's disguise,
 And *Chloe's* scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;
 If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce and another brings peace:
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 'Tis this, &c.

S O N G VII.

VAT mean you, Shon *English*, you make dis great
 poder
 Wit your beef and your puthen, your dis dat and thother
 Pray vat do you mean, Sir, hit de *Frenchmen* in de teef,
 Wit your beef and your puthen, pour puthen and beef.
 Derry down, &c.

Vat tho' we've no beef nor puthen to eat.
 We have de fine frogs dat be very cood meat,

We make de friggasce, wit the bon sroup and faller,
Which very well suits wit de grand *Frenchman's* pallet.
Derry down, &c.

You say dat your beef make you ne'er fear de gon,
But remember Shon *English*, ve make you to run
After us at *Blenheim* and *Malplaquet* battles,
Where de gons dey rore, and de drums dey do rattle.
Derry down, &c.

But now we must tell you with much complaisance,
We intend'd to have pay'd you one visit from *France*;
And if monsieur *Hawke* would have let us come over
In our flat bottom boats, we'd land just at *Dover*.
Derry down, &c.

But de De'el pick de *Hawke*, he will not fly away,
But in de *Brest* harbour oblige us to stay,
Come squinting, and peeping, and play his mad frolick,
Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de cholick.
Derry down, &c.

But now me vill tell you vat come bye and bye,
Our admiral he take out his glafs for to spy:
He holloa's, trufs up, boys, there's nothing to fear,
Shon *English* be gone, and de coast it be clear.
Derry down, &c.

Then we sail'd out amain, and wethought to do something,
But de dogs came again, and vid balls big as pumkins,
They pounce us and pelt us and make such a clatter,
Dat two or tree of our ships fell down in de vater.
Derry down, &c.

Then monsieur *Conflans* vas in a very great pashon,
And thought he'd do something for de honour of his
nation;
He boldly commands without more delay,
You dogs take your heels and lets all run away.

SONG VIII.

The FRENCH KING'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS *Louis* on his couch extended lay,
 Slumb'ring the discontented hours away,
 A power (scarce known in *France*) before him stood,
Comus his name, of plenty, chearful God,
 Who thus address'd the monarch with a smile,
 Behold, he cry'd, behold *Brittania's* isle!

A I R.

(Tune, *We'll humble the Pride and the Glory of France.*)

There strong as their oaks, the bold *Britons* appear,
 With health on their cheeks, and replete with good
 cheer;

No danger they know, for what nation dare boast,
 Save the bullies of *France*, an attempt on their coast?
 But now 'tis in vain, Sir, take care of your own;
 Beware of your person—beware of your throne.

Behold! where the *Briton* fatigu'd with his toils,
 O'er a Sir-loin of beef, all his labours beguiles,
 See the jug of strong beer that approaches his lip,
 Such liquor a monarch of *France* cannot sip;
 From a loaf of good wheat, Sir, he cuts with a glee,
 Are the nobles of *France* half so happy as he?

RECITATIVE.

The grand monarch enraptur'd with the sight,
 Wak'd from his dream in hunger's keenest spite;
 "Despiche vous (he cry'd) apprend de beef,
 De pain, de beer from that one *English* defe."
 When lo! before his eyes with meagre looks,
 Pale want and famine—waited as his cooks.

A I R.

A I R.

(Tune, *Foot's Minuet.*)

Pardonnez moi (says want in a flutter)
 Et moi ause (says famine so thin)."
 Vat is you mutter, eh! vat is you splutter,
 Bring me, says *Louis*, come bring de beef in.
 O mon grand monarch of all de grand vorld,
 You be de greatest prince in verite,
 But me must tell you plain,
 Dat you may rave in vain,
 There's no *English* beef for your great majestie.

S O N G IX.

'T WAS last *Saturday* night,
 I chanced to invite,
 Some friends of mine, good lack such a sight
 Of maidens so bright,
 To make merry when master had put out the light;
 As I told you before,
 There was *Joan* and three or four more,
 Knocked fast at the door,
 While loud I did snore,
 And bid me get up for a son of a whore.
 Now *Gicela* got wot,
 So drunken was got,
 Like a Pot-belly'd wench that we mis'd not,
 At the punch bason.

Then we went all to the back-side the hall,
 Every one, fir,
 Then we did dance,
 And prance,
 And egad, we'd all manner of fun, fir.
 There we'd *March* beer enough, with cakes and such stuff,
 Made our bellies to puff, whilst *Roger* the gruff;
 Because *Nell* wou'd not bustle, was in a sad huff.

Of

Of thimble beguil'd, she simper'd and smil'd,
 And tho' she seem'd toil'd,
 And her jacket was soil'd;
 Yet she took it, dear me, so wond'rous mild.

Then each lad took his lass round the waist,
 And did leap her,
 We all set ourselves down on the ground,
 And we hunted the slipper,
 Whilst *Jerry*, the groom,
 The wag of the room,
 Put the light out:
 The wenches did scream,
 Which wak'd from his dream,
 My master before it was quite out.

With a hey-day, what the plague's here,
 You rogue with your geer,
 And your kitchen trade here,
 Devouring my meat, and guzzling my beer:
 Then in came the curate, with stomach obdurate,
 Here's victuals I'm sure on't,
 I'd been here much sooner had I been aware on't:
 Lord how he did peck,
 The de'il break his neck,
 For a mongrel;
 Then he tipp'd me the beck,
 For a bottle of sack,
 Burst his tunbrel.
 He my mistress did wake,
 Some pleasure to take,
 For master's sweet sake;
 She pat on his cheek and call'd him a rake.

My master did laugh,
 To see him eat and quaff,
 Like a glutton, for he eat up five fowls, ten tarts,
 And a whole shoulder of mutton.
 My master was pleas'd, good humour increas'd,
 I laugh'd till I sneez'd, ev'ry one got as drunk as a beast.
 We

We all went to bed, there's no more to be said,
 Of what follow'd,
 But I neer shall forget how we guttled and eat,
 Whoo'd and hallow'd,
 We broke all about,
 Both within and without;
 Scarce a bowl whole,
 Whilst above all the rest,
 Was the priest a good jest,
 Caught f—k—g the cook,
 In the coal-hole.

S O N G X.

T O B Y R E D U C ' D.

To it's own Tune..

DEAR *Tom* this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet *Nan* of the vale,)

Was once *Toby Philpot*, a thirsty old soul,

As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,

In boozing about 'was his praise to excel,

And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell:

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,

In his flow'r woven arbour as gay as you please;

With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,

And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,

And he died full as big as a *Dorchester* butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,

And time into clay had resolv'd it again,

A potter found out in its covert so snug,

And with part of fat *Toby* he made this brown jug;

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,

So here's to my lovely sweet *Nan* of the vale.

SONG XI.

The COMPLAINT.

ATTEND each nymph, whose tender breast,
 No teasing pains have e'er oppress'd;
 Who never knew a sigh or fear,
 That gently steals the silent tear;
 And let my hapless fortune prove,
 No *snare* like beauty, nor no *pain* like love.

Ungrateful sex, who kneel and pray,
 And when they love us most betray:—
 Unthinking maids, who can believe,
 They ever lov'd that do deceive,
 Who to an artful and affected flame,
 At once resign their honour and their name.

But hear, propitious goddess, hear!
Dian! lend thy guardian ear;
 And still thy favour to deserve,
 The virtue which thou lov'st preserve;
 That cruel *Coridon* at length may find,
 In *Venus's* form, *Diana's* spotless mind.

SONG XII.

PHAON and MYRA. A DIALOGUE.

Pha. **W**HAT makes my dear *Myra* so thoughtful,
 so coy,
 Has *Alixes* presum'd at her feet for to sigh;
 My heart is distracted with doubt and with fear,
 Oh answer me quick, has *Alixes* been here?

Myr. Think not, my dear *Phaon*, your *Myra* will fly,
 To the arms of *Alixes*, or barter her joy;
 For rich, or for poor, while in you she can find
 Sense, honour, and judgment together conjoin'd.

Pha. Then why does my *Myra* thus cruelly flight
 A passion sincere, or fly from my sight!
 O ease me at once, from this torture, this pain,
 For death is more welcome than *Myra's* disdain.

Myr. The

Myr. The maid that is prudent her love will conceal,
Nor suffer the lover her thoughts to reveal;
Will keep him at distance, herself from reproach,
Till *Hymen* has lighted the nuptial torch.

Duett. Come then, my dear { *Phaon,*
 Myra, } no longer
let's stay,
The moments are precious, to th' church haste away;
My heart and my hand I with pleasure resign,
Nor envy the wealthy since { *Phaon* } is mine.
 Myra }

SONG XIII.

The FISHMONGER.

(Tune, *A Gobbler there was, &c.*)

A Jolly young Fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a *grig* as was known in the land;
For when at the *Dolphin* they met round the bowl,
He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a *foal*.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

His heart that had been, for twice fifteen years past,
As sound as a *roach*, was, he found, touch'd at last,
With an arrow as sharp as a *hook*, it is said,
Cupid caught him, and made him in love with a *maid*.

Derry down, &c.

This damsel might well a bright beauty be stil'd,
Her cheeks were as red as a *lobster* when boil'd;
Her eyes too, as learned hiltorians remark,
Shone just like two *whitings* when plac'd in the dark.

Derry down, &c.

When he ask'd her the question at first she seem'd coy,
And vow'd that no mortal her *ling* should enjoy;
And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
She *dab'd* him and slipt thro' his hand like an *eel*.

Derry down, &c.

At

At length by intreaty the jade grew so free,
 She stroak his fat *gills*, as she fate on his knee;
 And what too perhaps you may think very odd,
 She always delighted to play with his *cod*.

Derry down, &c.

It happen'd one day in good humour he found her,
 He caught her and laid her as flat as a *flounder*;
 Then did what he pleas'd in a loving embrace;
 Oh! who would not wish to have been in his *plaise*?

Derry down, &c.

Some months had roll'd on, when the neighbours *smelt*
 out,

What *Jack* and his handmaid had both been about;
 They gigled and pointed, would cry out in scorn,
 A *thornback* has got a *red herring* with spawn.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G X I V .

COME prick up your ears, and attend, Sirs, a while,
 I'll sing you a song that shall make you all smile:
 'Tis a faithful description of the true tree of life,
 So pleasing to ev'ry maid, widow, and wife.

Toll, loll, &c.

This tree is a succulent plant, I declare,
 Consisting of only one straight stem I swear;
 Its top sometimes looks like a cherry in *May*,
 At other times more like a filbert, they say.

Toll, loll, &c.

Its fruit is contain'd in a fine velvet bag,
 And shaded around by a long hairy shag;
 Sometimes like a cabbage they cling up together,
 Sometimes hang as loose as a purse of wash leather.

Toll, loll, &c.

This tree universal most countries produce,
 But till the fifteenth year 'tis not fit for use;

C

Than

Than nine or ten inches it seldom grows higher,
And that sure's as much as the heart can desire.

Toll, loll, &c.

Some great virtuosi, this tree to improve,
Have cut off its fruit, call'd the apples of love;
But it never feeds after, 'tis not worth a louse,
Unless to make whistles for the opera-house.

Toll, loll, &c.

Its juice taken inward is good for the spleen,
And moves in an instant the sickness call'd green;
Tho' oft times it causes large tumors below;
They disperse of themselves in nine months or so.

Toll, loll, &c.

It heals all dissention 'twixt husband and wife,
And makes her run glib thro' the turnpike of life:
By a right application, its virtues won't fail,
But then it must always be given in the tail.

Toll, loll, &c.

Ye ladies who long for a sight of this tree,
Take this invitation, come hither to me,
I have it just now in the height of perfection,
For your handling adapted, and fit for injection.

Toll, loll, &c.

But most in the kingdom of *Ireland* it thrives,
As well can be proved by their widows and wives;
Its juice is so hearty, so good, I insist on't,
That most of their natives entirely subsist on't.

Toll, loll, &c.

S O N G X V .

The old famous KITTLEBENDER BALLAD paraphrased, according to the Taste now reigning, and dedicated to Messrs. SKEGGS and Co.

A Woman of fashion had got the green sickness,
And in her body much troubled with a wickedness;
At

At length she applied to *Tristram Shandy*,
Who soon made her as well as can be.

O rare Tristram Shandy,
O rare, &c.

When she had pick'd out this same doctor,
He laid her on the bed and k—k'd her,
Said that was the practice of *Tristram Shandy*,
Sure, faith she, no better can be.

O rare, &c.

Oh Sir, quoth she, I dread your dose,
'Tis large,—'tis like the *Straßburgh* nose:
Fear not, dear madam, quoth *Tristram Shandy*,
'Twill suit your—swallow, as nice as can be.

O rare, &c.

Jenny Cameron follow'd the young pretender,
For the sake of his dear kittlebender;
But she had left him, as sure as can be,
Had she known our *Tristram Shandy*.

O rare, &c.

Ye maidens and madams, whose fancies are itching,
To perfect yourselves in this new way of stitching;
Read the life and opinions of *Tristram Shandy*,
You'll move like *clock-work* as true as can be.

O rare, &c.

S O N G XVI.

Miss POLLY BOWES.

(Tune, *Thus Kitty beautiful and young.*)

YOUNG *Strephon*, on a summer's day,
Forsook his fleecy care,
In quest of *Delia* went astray,
To trace her every where.
Inspir'd with love and fierce desire,
To *London* city came,
For *Delia* rais'd a raging fire,
Which absence ne'er could tame.

The

The thronged streets his eyes surpriz'd,
 Each fair one mov'd his heart;
 Where charms appear'd, he *Delia* cry'd,
 Oh, now, we ne'er must part!
 Tho' oft deceiv'd, a blooming fair
 Once more his ardour 'rose,
 I've *Delia* now, adieu to care,
 And seiz'd on *Polly Bowes*.

In transport lost, he view'd her charms,
 His eyes with pleasure flow'd;
 With joy he grasp'd her lilly arms,
 His cheeks with blushes glow'd:
 With modest grace, the fair address'd,
 Thy face out-blooms the rose;
 Thou'rt *Delia* sure, sweetest, best:
 No, answer'd *Polly Bowes*.

No wonder that the shepherd err'd,
 Since *Cupid* did the same,
 Who soars in air like any bird,
 Drop where his mother came;
 On earth he cast his piercing eyes,
 And left the gods abode;
 'Tis *Venus* sure, in rapture cries,
 And kneel'd to *Polly Bowes*.

Thus *Kitty Fisher* grac'd the song,
 And rais'd the tuneful note;
 To tell her charms the sheets have rung,
 With pleasing, warbling throats:
 But *Kitty* now may strive in vain,
 To draw her former beaux,
 She must retire, and yield the reign
 To charming *Polly Bowes*.

S O N G XVII.

A Beautiful lady of fair *London* town,
 Was woo'd by a *Frenchman*, a teague, and a clown,
 With

With others that fain would be bone of her bone,
And the courtships I'll relate to you.

With a tol de rol.

The first that appear'd was a man of the mode,
A *Frenchman* by birth, *Spitalfields* his abode,
He address'd this fair lady in taste a-la-mode,

And thus he said:

Madam, you are de very prettiest creature of all de
vorld; your two eyes, madam, be two burning glassies,
which sette my soul on fire; you make my heart jump
for joy, to see that taper waift, and lilly white hand.
I die for love of you just now presently.

With a tol de rol.

The next was a teague, just from *Dublin* come o'er,
Right proud to set foot on *Britannia's* shore,
He was very proud, and damnable poor,

And thus he said:

Arra, dear creature, was you in *Dublin* city, I'd
swear you was the finest creature in all *London* town,
except me Lord Lieutenant, and two or three 1000 more.
I am as great a man as any in all *Ireland*, and as proof
thereof, I've brought you a ring with a small diamond
in the middle as big as a large potatoe; and if you'll
have me, I'll make you as good a husband as no man
living.

With a tol de rol.

The next that appear'd was a *Devonshire* clown,
Who to court this fair lady was come up to town,
He made a low bow, and sat himself down,

And thus he said:

Zoons and heart, fair lady, you are very fine, with
your laced lappets and silk gown: I no not how to
court so fair a lady, not I: I'll go down in the country
again, and ask me father. There's eyes black as foot,
cheeks red as hung beef, and bubbies white and soft as

good fat bacon. I no nothing of the matter, but if you ll have me, I'll have you.

With a tol de rol.

The next that appear'd was a quaker so prim,
With his primitive face, and a very broad brim,
He address'd the fair lady without moving a limb,

Fair lump of earth, quit the vanities of this our *Babylon*; look unto me as I look unto thee, in the spirit of love, in the spirit of truth, in the spirit of faithfulness, so that thee become bone of my bone, fruitful as the Vine; yea, as the tree that groweth by the water-side. And thy seed shall be number'd with the faithful. *Sarah*, hold up thy right leg, and now thy left, *Sarah*, and I will put the prick of conscience into thee, *Sarah*.

With a tol de rol.

The next that appear'd was a swaggering blade,
And, as we may say, was a soldier by trade,
He swore that none of them the lady should have,

For zoonds and blood, fire and smoke, my name's Capt. *Flash*; and should I see a rival to your charms, I'd stick him against the wall; I'd slay thousands to make you smile; and had you a hundred suitors here present, I'd cut off their legs, and make them dance upon their stumps to give you joy. I am great and valiant as *Cæsar*.

With a tol de rol.

The next that appear'd was a jolly brisk tar,
With Admiral *Anson* enrich'd by the war,
He of all others thought himself on a par,

And thus he said :

Well, me heart, we are now got within gun-shot of each other: Suppose we bring too, and let the parson splice us together, for thof I say it that should not say it, I am as well rigg'd as any man in *London*; and you are a pretty, little, tight frigate, and well rigg'd too;

too; you only want to be well mann'd, you jade: Now suppose you and I was gurnel-deep on a good soft feather-bed, and I along-side of you, mark you that; why, if you got a-head of me, I'd crowd all the sail I could till I came up with you; I'd board your poop; I'd lash my main yard to your larboard quarter; and if I did not find out your gang-way, damme, madam; and he must be a good one that takes you from me, damme.

With a tol de rol.

S O N G XVIII.

The W E D D I N G N I G H T.

Or martial Love.

WHEN first I saw my fair in bed,
Her cheeks with crimson blushes spread,
The blushes of a maid;
How throb'd with joy my am'rous breast,
While DELIA in my arms I prest,
Half yielding, half afraid.

At length my fair, at length I cry,
No longer cruelly deny,

The mighty joy we'll prove;
In search of unexperienc'd bliss,
Increas'd by every burning kiss,
I now attend my love.

Then pressing still with eager haste,
The lovely Zestus of her waist,

Was once for all unbound;
Transported with the mighty joy,
Alas! she cries my glorious boy,
What bliss in love is found?

Thus lock'd within each other's arms.

I rifled all my DELIA's charms,

My DELIA rifled mine;
Around the still-supporting tree,
Thus fasten'd with eternal glee,
Inclines the am'rous vine.

The

S O N G XIX.

The REFORMERS.Tune: *The Roast Beef of Old England.*

REFORMERS are proud of their high occupation,
 Officious preach up the old *hum*, reformation;
 Sure-all muſt reform at ſuch good invitation,
O ye reformers of our times,
Ye tools of Methodical zeal.

How happy are we, firſt, to each other nation;
 When thoſe who are vileſt in morals and ſtation,
 Can juſtify plans——without juſtification?

Is this with a view to attain reputation
 On Earth, or in Heav'n your future ſalvation,
 Or kindly to ſave us from Hell and damnation?

What's ſerving on Sundays compar'd with oppreſſion?
 Is ſelling of fruit ſuch a horrid tranſgreſſion?
 Don't they break the Sabbath—to get information?

Can they mind their church or divine revelation,
 Who during the ſermon are ſeeking occaſion,
 To plunge the diſtreſt into more tribulation?

Then ceaſe you dull aſſes ſuch vile arrogation,
 The poor are oppreſt, and for want of compaſſion,
 You deſerve from the hangman ſevere flagellation.

S O N G XX.

The GIRLS of KILKENNY.Tune: *When I was a young man I ſat in the parlour.*

THE girls of *Kilkenny*, ſo buxom and friſky,
 Would oftentimes treat me with claret and whiſkey.
Butheroo, diddero.
 Cauſe

Cause why, I could dance, sing, and caper so gaily,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of *Shillaley*

But *Cupid* the blinker, that arch mischief maker,
For *Ruggedy Madge* caus'd my bowels to quake, fir.

Oh! *Ruggedy Madge* was the fair creature's name, fir,
For whom my bosom was all in a flame, fir.

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards strait forwards before her.

Sweet creature, said I,—can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover?

But she with her looks and her tongue gan to jeer me,
And shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear me.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I, you false creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor later.

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with laughter,
And call you a fool all your life ever after.

S O N G X X I .

T Y T O L ; or, *The COUNTRY DANCE.*

Tune: *The Blackguard.*

Jockey and *Jenny* liv'd both in one alley,
And soon one *May* morning by chance they did meet;
Charmer, says *Jockey*, where trudge you so early,
Pray shall I go with you my honey and sweet?
I go to the meadow so fragrant and gay,
And if you'll go with me I will not say nay.

Ty tol, ty tol, &c.

On

On they went jogging, and soon they got thither,
 Discoursing of love, and amours, and of *knock* ;
 The rays of bright *Phæbus* combining together,
 Induc'd them at length to repose on a cock,
 Says *Jockey*, my dear, O pray will you hear
 The new country-dance I learnt at the fair ?

Jockey, says *Jenny*, oblige me you'll greatly,
 If quickly your bagpipes you sweetly will tune ;
 With bass and with treble perform it so neatly,
 Kind nature will dictate the figure right soon :
 So *Jockey* with haste pull'd out of its case
 His merry *bagpipe*, and play'd with a grace.

I will fall backwards, says she, and foot truly,
 And you shall cross *over* and then figure *in* ;
 You at the top must face me most duly,
 While I at the *bottom* will with you begin,
 To move up and down (of all cares bereft)
 And set it and foot it with right and with left.

Once more, says she, come play it me over,
 Lest the tune and the figure I soon may forget ;
 To learn such another I'd trip it to *Dover*,
 Tho't makes me to wriggle, to pant, and to sweat.
 Thus beyond all description of ink and a pen,
 Their joys were repeated again and again.

Jockey and *Jenny* so often did dally,
 And dance it and foot it at night, morn, and noon,
 Till the knowing old woman that liv'd in the alley,
 Suspected that *Jenny* had danc'd to some tune ;
 And sure as a gun, when nine months were run,
 She safely brought forth a plump daughter and son.
 The tune and the dance so sweet and so charming,
 The girls of the parish approv'd its effect,
 That before the harvest ended by *Cupid's* alarming,
 They all had rehears'd it sans fear or regret.
 With bagpipe or flute, sonorous or mute,
 They danc'd, kiss'd, and h—p'd whene'er it did suit.

Tune :

S O N G XXII.

Tune : *Chaise Marine.*

THE rising sun had just begun
 To streak the eastern sky,
 When as I trod the flow'ry road,
 A swain came whistling by :
 We long had lov'd,—both each approv'd,
 Some time had run love's race ;
 He begg'd the bliss, and stole a kiss,——
 He did before my face.

Yet not content, now what he meant,
 I plainly did foresee ;
 One hand he press'd upon my breast,
 And t'other upon my knee.
 Now grown more bold, he catches hold ;
 Fast in another place ;
 Then faucy *Jock* got to my smock,——
 He did before my face.

Upon the ground, where dazies round
 Had deck'd the painted bed,
 Mid'st flow'ry pride, my thighs stretch'd wide,
 I at full length was laid :
 The fiery boy, burnt with fierce joy,
 Soon gave the close embrace :
 'Gainst *Hymen's* laws, *Love's* weapon draws,
 He did before my face.

The youth ne'er teas'd, the sport well pleas'd,
 He oft repeats the same ;
 All ways we try, to satisfy,
 And quench the raging flame.
 Now wrapt in bliss, with ev'ry kiss !
 Enjoyment's lab'rinth trace ;
 Tir'd with love's play, he dy'd away,——
 He did before my face.

With fond caress, to an excess,
 In mutual transports lay ;

No

No more love's fire, could raise desire,
 The youth his fears betray ;
 He could, sad swain, no more attain,
 He was in doleful case ;
 He'd done his best, and for the rest,
 Poor *Jock* he hung an a-fe.

S O N G XXIII.

The FRANK.

Tune : *Push about the brisk bowl.*

ONCE a lady requested a nobleman's hand,
 That her letter might go carriage free ;
 He took up his pen, to obey her command,
 And on it wrote C—u—n—t.

*Free, free**And on it wrote C—u—n—t.*

The maid was dispatch'd to the post-master strait,
 Who told her it would not go free,
 For the parliament house since the reign of queen *Anne*,
 Was not subject to C—u—n—t.

*Free, free,**Was not subject to C—u—n—t.*

Then the general was call'd, and the business disclos'd,
 Who ask'd what the matter could be ;
 Oh ! ho ! quoth the old one, I ne'er was thus poz'd,
 What a pox is this C—u—n—t,

*This C—u—n—t,**What a pox is this C—u—n—t.*

It's a nobleman's title, replied the fair maid,
 Which said, then she turn'd away blunt,
 " A title ! a t-rd ; you impudent jade,
 " Sure C—u—n—t does spell C—t,

*" Spell C—t,**" Sure C—u—n—t does spell C—t.**" For*

" For I'm sure it's us'd at a baron's creation,
 " Or by godfather's nam'd at the font,
 " Nor knights of the garter, nor bath's installation,
 " No herald can quarter a C—t,

" a C—t,
" No herald can quarter a C—t."

At her head the frank flew, while his clerk reckon'd
 How they might for precedent hunt,
 But they found in the reign of king *Charles* the second,
 Most members made use of a C—t,

a C—t,
Most members made use of a C—t.

Lords, clergy, and commons, alike did it prize,
 And the courtiers insist'd upon't,
 'Twas raising the customs, and helping th' excise :
 For the gen'ral receiver was C—t,

was C—t,
For the gen'ral receiver was C—t.

Away ran the maid in a hurry, for fear
 Her mistress should take an affront,
 The man hobbl'd after—and, cries out, " my dear,
 " Pray let me take hold of thy C—t,

" thy C—t,
" Pray let me take hold of thy C—t."

To the kitchen she flew, where he follow'd after,
 And strongly insist'd upon't ;
 On the stairs he o'ertook her, crying out, " lord, mistress,
 " Here's a man will catch hold of my C—t,

" my C—t,
" Here's a man will catch hold of my C—t.

The mistress came down to know what they were at ;
 Demanding this letter to see ;
 But no questions she ask'd, for she soon smelt the rat,
 On beholding of C—u—n—t,

parw, parw,
On beholding of C—u—n—t.
 D At

At the postman she smil'd, and her error she own'd;

“ My maid brought this letter to me,

“ But the like mistake queen *Elizabeth* made,

“ For C—t is spell'd C—u—n—t,

“ indeed,

“ For C—t is spell'd C—u—n—t.”

Then let us bar mistake, and each keep his word,

May the ink from your pen follow free,

Here's a health to the man that draws the best sword,

In defence of a C—u—n—t,

a C—t,

In defence of a C—u—n—t.

S O N G XXIV.

The BISHOP of OSSORY.

IN the days of the late Queen *Ann*, there was a Bishop of *Ossory*, who used, when in town, to lodge at a relation's, who was member of a club held at the Bumper tavern, in *Covent-garden*, then kept by Mr *Eastcourt*. It happen'd on a time when his Lordship was in town, that it was his friend's turn to be chairman of the club. He was unwilling to disoblige his Lordship, by leaving him alone, yet could not think of disobliging his bon companions, and appear'd a little embarrass'd; which his Lordship observing, says to him, Cousin, you appear to be under some uneasiness of mind, which I imagine is occasioned on my account; and I am afraid you often stay at home out of complaisance to me, when you could be more joyously engaged with your friends over a bottle: now if the case is as I imagine, e'en, in God's name, go and enjoy yourself with your friends, whilst I stay at home; make a supper of a dozen and half of eggs, drink five or six bottles of port, and go soberly to bed; for though I by my spiritual function am secluded from society, yet am I far from being an enemy to social mirth.

Cousin.

Cousin. My Lord, since your Lordship has been so good as to break the ice, I'll venture to inform your Lordship, that I am this evening appointed chairman of a club held at Mr *Eastcourt's*. Mr *Eastcourt*, says his Lordship, I've heard he is a merry man.

Cousin. Yes, my Lord, I assure your Lordship he is; and as your Lordship has declared yourself no enemy to social mirth, if your Lordship will honour us with your company, I'll answer nothing shall be offered that can offend the nicest ear.

My Lord. Say you so, cousin? Then I'll attend.—*Jonathan*, bring the coach to the door, and do you hear, bring me my white-headed cane, and fur gloves; I'm going to Mr *Eastcourt's*. The coach being brought to the door, my Lord and his cousin stepped in, and was drove to the tavern, where they were politely received by Mr *Eastcourt*, who introduced his Lordship to the company. They were so highly pleas'd with his Lordship's company, that at nine o'clock when *Jonathan* acquainted his Lordship that the coach was at the door, they desired his Lordship's attention, while Mr *Eastcourt* sung a song concerning gun-powder treason.

My Lord. A song concerning gun-powder treason! it must be a good one, I will attend.

Mr *Eastcourt* begun as follows:

It was on the fourth of *November*.

My Lord. How! do you say, good Mr *Eastcourt*, it was on the fourth of *November*? Give me leave to tell you, that I believe you are a little out in your chronology, for if I'm not mistaken, that damnable plot was to have been executed on another day.

Mr East. If your Lordship will honour me with a moment's patience, I'll clear that point entirely to your Lordship's satisfaction.

My Lord. Then don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr Eastcourt*.

Mr E. It was on the fourth of *November*,
The *Papists* had on a drift, a ;
It was their design, for to undermine,
And to blow us all up on the fifth, a.

My Lord. Now, *Mr Eastcourt*, you've made the case clear; and give me leave to tell you, your song is both historical and chronological: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr Eastcourt*.

Mr E. The King he went to the Parliament-house,
With all his noble Peers, a.

My Lord. Ah! *Mr Eastcourt*, and a noble fight it was to see the King and all his noble Peers go to the Parliament-house; O! 'twas a glorious fight: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr Eastcourt*.

Mr E. The King he went to the Parliament-house,
With all his noble Peers, a ;
But had he known, where he was to've been blown,
Why, he would not have gone for his ears, a.

My Lord. No, to be sure, *Mr Eastcourt*, any body that is acquainted with King *James's* great wisdom and profound sagacity will believe, that his Majesty would not have gone to the Parliament-house if he had known of the damnable plot that was hatching against him: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr Eastcourt*.

Mr E. I think, says the King, that I smell and a plot,
For the King was an excellent smeller.

My Lord. How! do you say, *Mr Eastcourt*, the King was an excellent smeller; give me leave to tell you, I never heard that mention'd by any of our historians: if you please, I'll take a little memorandum of it; for—the—King—was—an—excellent—sm—e, no, I lie,—f—m—e—ll—er; ah, three l's does it, for the King
was

You lie, says *Matt* enrag'd,
 I know my letters well, Sir;
 And cou'd, but I'm engag'd,
 Give proofs that I can spell, Sir.
Broomstick vile.

Lords, dukes, and earls, I please,
 With singing, fun, and grunting,
 I blow the horn with ease,
 And I can ride a hunting.
Broomstick vile.

R E C I T A T I V E .

This said, the broomstick hastily he took,
 And snapt it short at one malicious stroke;
 Nor ended there his dread revengeful ire,
 But with a grim he thrust it in the fire:
 Tho' soon his voice in penitential strain,
 His broomstick thus bemoan'd, but mourn'd in vain.

A I R. To the tune of, *My fond Shepherd*.
 My poor broomstick of broomsticks the best,
 On which I've been us'd for to play;
 Whose notes were the sweetest confest,
 To ashes is burnt quite away.
 O where shall I find one so dear,
 That the table has "fet in a roar,"
 Thy grunting so pleasant and clear,
 Shall revive the choice spirits no more.

S O N G. XXVI.

Tune : *Sally*; beginning thus—*Of all the girls that are
 so smart.*

GOODY JONES had oft perceiv'd
 Her daughter *Peg* complaining;
 Her hair hang'd loose, her stays unlac'd—
 She long'd to know the meaning !

Says

Says she, "dear daughter what's the cause
 "Of all your sighs and wailing?
 "Come, tell me truly how it is,
 "And how, and where's your ailing?"

Oh! mother, I will tell you now,
 What 'tis so long has griev'd me;
 Young *Roger* has, for all his vow,
 I fear at length deceiv'd me:
 He told me all the finest things!
 His talking did so charm me;
 And when he got me in the barn,
 He swore he would not harm me.

The mother soon found out what 'twas
 That made poor *Peg* uneasy;
 She wrung her hands, and stamp'd and tore,
 As if she had been crazy;
 She on her belly laid her hand,
 And found it hard and swelling—
 "You slut, you forward jade," says she,
 "Your ruin needs no telling."

Oh! mother, pray, forgive my fault!
 He promis'd me so fairly,
 He'd marry me, if I'd comply,
 And swore it too sincerely;
 He look'd so neat, and kiss'd so sweet,
 'Twas all in vain dissembling;
 I could not stop his eager hand,
 I was in such a trembling.

"Oh lack! that ever I was born;
 "You surely might have stop'd him;
 "I would have pinch'd his impudence—
 "And held and soundly flap'd him.
 "The thoughts of being got with child,
 "You jade might surely shame you;
 "But tell me truly how it was,
 "And where he overcame you?"

Why, in the hay-loft first it was,
 As one day we were playing,
 He laid me down—I dream'd no harm,
 For side-long we were laying ;
 But soon he turn'd me on my back,
 And fiercely got upon me ;
 And when 'twas in, such pain I felt,
 I swore he had undone me.

But not content with the first time,
 E're yet he scarce had ended,
 Again, unable to resist,
 My willing legs extended,—
 And, then it was, I do believe,
 He caus'd my belly's plumping :
 For after that he did lye still,
 Tho' I was still for humping.

SONG XXVII.

Tune : Johnny Adair of Kiltiernan.

THE four and twentieth day of May,
 Of all days in the year, fir,
 A virgin lady bright and gay,
 Did privately appear, fir,
 Close by a river side which she
 Did single out the rather,
 'Cause she was sure she was secure,
 And had a mind to bathe her.

With glittering glance her jealous eyes
 Did sily look about, fir,
 To see if any lurking spies
 Were hid to find her out, fir,
 And being well assur'd that none
 Could view her nakedness, fir,
 She pull'd her robes of one by one,
 And did herself undress, fir.

Her

Her purple mantle fring'd with gold,
 Her ivory hands unpin'd, fir,
 Which would have made a coward bold,
 Or tempt a saint to sin, fir;
 She turn'd about to look again,——
 I hope, says she, I'm safe;—oh:
 And then her rosy petticoat
 She presently pull'd off——oh!

The snow-white smock which she had on,
 Transparently to deck her,
 Look'd like a cambrick or a lawn
 On an alabaster picture;
 Thro' which your eye might faintly 'spy
 Her belly and her back, fir;
 Her limbs were strait, and all was white,
 But that which should be black, fir.

The part which she's ashamed to see,
 Without a smiling blush, fir,
 Appear'd like curious tiffany
 Display'd upon a bush, fir;
 But that posterior extreme limb,
 She cannot look upon, fir,
 Did like a twisted cherry seem,
 Before the white is gone, fir.

As when a masking scene is drawn,
 And new lights do appear, fir,
 When she pull'd off her smock of lawn,
 Just such a sight was there, fir:
 The bright reflection of her eyes
 Thro' every limb was strew'd, fir,
 As when the radiant sun doth rise,
 And gilds each neigh'ring cloud, fir.

Into the fluent stream she leap'd,
 Which look'd like liquid glass, fir,
 The fishes from all quarters crept,
 To see what angel 'twas, fir;

She did so like a vision look,
 Or fancy in a dream, fir ;
 Twas thought the sun the sky forfook,
 And dropt into the stream, fir.

Each fish did wish itself a man,
 About her all did swarm, fir,
 And at the sight of her began
 To spread about their spawn, fir ;
 She turn'd to swim upon her back,
 And so display'd her banner,—
 If *Jove* himself in heav'n had been,
 He would have drop'd upon her.

Thus was the river's diamond head
 With pearl and saphire crown'd, fir,
 Her legs did shove, her arms did move,
 Her body did rebound, fir :
 She that did quaff the juice of joys,
 Fair *Venus*, queen of love, fir,
 With *Mars* did never in more ways
 Of melting motion move, fir.

A lad, that long her love had been,
 And could obtain no grace, fir,
 For all her prying, lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret place, fir ;
 Who oft by her had been repuls'd,
 When he did come to woo her,
 Pull'd of his cloaths most furiously,
 And then he *ran into her*—

She shrieks, she strives, and down she dives ;
 He fetch'd her up again, fir ;
 He had her o'er upon the shore,
 And then, and then, oh then, fir !
 As *Adam* did old *Eve* enjoy,—
 You may guess what I mean, fir,
 Because she all uncover'd lay,
 He cover'd her again, fir.

With

With wat'ry eyes she pants and cries,
 I'm utterly undone, fir,
 Unless you'll be fast wed to me,
 E'er the next morning fun, fir.
 He answer'd her, I'll never stir
 Out of thy sight till then, ma'm ;
 We'll both clasp hands in wedlock's bands,—
 Marry and do't again, ma'm.

SONG XXVIII.

The DUTCH PARSON's GUIDE.

Tune : The king and the abbot of Canterbury.

IN *Holland* we're told, but I know not how true,
 The people are all such a niggardly crew,
 Tho' blest in abundance with nature's rich gifts,
 Both sexes, they say, lie without shirts or shifts.
Derry down, down, &c.

It happen'd one night as in bed a fond pair,
 Embracing each other, love's blisses did share,
 Dame Fortune, who always is playing some frolic,
 Caus'd ma'am to be suddenly seiz'd with the cholic.

The husband arose, being greatly afraid
 His deary would die, went and call'd up the maid ;
 And finding her pains come on faster and faster,
 Without more delay bad her run for a pastor.

The girl, half awake when she heard master knock ;
 Forgot in the hurry to put on her smock ;
 But over her body a jacket did throw,
 A petticoat cover'd her beauties below.

With lanthorn in hand to the pastor she hies,
 Bid him haste home with her, the doctor complies ;
 But scarce got half way, when a shower there fell,
 Enough to have drown'd all the devils in hell.

His

His reverence wrapp'd himself safe in his cloak,
 The damsel unthinking, (observe well the joke)
 To guard 'gainst the rain, by necessity led,
 With care flung her petticoat over her head.

Thro' thick and thro' thin they trudg'd on together,
 Like sedan-chairmen, ne'er minded the weather;
 To enlighten his way so officious was she,
 Now and then to cry out, "Pray, sir, can you see?"

The good man as yet no discovery made,
 But gravely walk'd after the light's glimm'ring aid;
 How great his surprise! when at last he descry'd,
 The *thing* KITTY D—v—r to man ne'er deny'd.

Not a word did he mention concerning the case,
 Tho' he saw it as plain as the nose on your face;
 'Till again she cry'd out, "Pray, sir can you see?"
 With a shake of the noddle, "Aye, too well, said he."

Let Vicar or Rector, pulpit-thumping fools,
 Hold forth about virtue, and such squeamish rules;
 Had I been so happy to see such a sight,
 The dame might to Heaven have taken her flight.

S O N G XXIX.

Parody on CHLOE'S KISSES, to that tune.

DEAR *Cloe* unbutton my breeches,
 My p—k in full vigour does stand;
 Don't be like affected coy bitches,
 But take it, while stiff in your hand;
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee dear *Cloe* be kind;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 I'll drive 'till the bottom I find.

Count the whores on the blind-quay a straying,
 Count the hairs that enamel their holes,
 Count the crab-lice promiscu'ly playing
 Hide and seek here and there in whole shoals:

Count the bawds and procuresses even,
 Being posts and degrees next a whore;
 Who, tho' twenty inches were given,
 Would still be a craving for more.

On a p—k full of lust let me stake thee,
 A p—k that's impatient to enter;
 I intend 'fore and aft for to rake thee,
 And to pass your semicircle center:
 O what c—t can be tighter than this is,—
 My p—k's life in it shall be spent,
 You shall die with transcending blisses—
 The devil's in't if now you're not content.

SONG XXX.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
 But morning was come as grey as a cat;
 Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
 Grunting hogs too had left their sty;
 When I in a vale,
 Carrying a pale,
Ciccle her new lover met, dapper *Harry*;
 First they kifs'd,
 Then shook fist.
 Then talk'd as fools do that just were to marry.
 Zooks, cry'd *Hal*, I can't but think,
 Now we are come to wedlock brink;
 How pure a stock will be, how fine,
 When you put your black mark to mine;
 Cifs at that,
 Glowing hot,
 Kifs'd him as if she'd burnt him to tinder;
 Thus they woo,
 But see how,
 Dam'd fate contriv'd now the bargain to hinder.

Cicely had got a cold I suppose,
 And 'twixt her fingers was blowing her nose ;
Harry, who linen too wanted, I doubt,
 Lent her his glove to serve for a clout,
 Scraping low,
 Manners to show,
 And tell her how much he was her adorer ;
 Pray mark the joke,
 Leather thong broke,
 And breeches fell down to his ancles before her.

Cicely who saw him thus distressed,
 Pulls off her garter of woolen list ;
 And with a sly and leering look,
 Gave it to mend up what was broke ;
 Fumbling he,
 Could not see,
 What she discover'd tho' e'er he had ty'd all :
 For just before,
 Shirt was tore,
 And as the devil would hav't she spy'd all.

She gave him then so cold a look,
 Discontent it plainly spoke ;
 And running from him near a mile,
 He overtook her at a stile,
 Too much haste,
 Milk down cast,
 And topsy turvy she fell on her pole with't.
 He seeing that
 Run with his hat,
 But could not cover her c— for his soul with't.

Have you not seen at noon of day,
 The sun his glorious face display,
 So *Cicely* shone with beauty's rays,
 Reflecting from her postern grace ;
 'Till at last,
 Struggling past,

Wide sprawling leg were again set in order,
 But poor *Hal*,
 Since her fall,
 Stood just like one found guilty of murder.

The god of love, or else old *Nick*,
 Sure designed this devilish trick,
 To make the bridegroom and the bride,
 With themselves dissatisfied.

She grown coy,
 Call'd him boy;
 He getting from her cry'd "zooks you've a rouzer"
 Foh, she cry'd,
 By things spy'd—
 She had as lieve a mere baby should espouse her.

SONG XXXI.

The BUCKS DELIGHT.

YE sniv'ling fools who pine away,
 Your tedious lives in anxious fear;
 How little do you know of the pleasures that flow,
 Where the bucks and bloods each night repair.

CHORUS.

They laugh, they quaff, they drink, and sing,
 Each subject is himself a king,
 While tables roar, and glasses ring,
 They laugh at grief, and baffle care.

Let *Squintum* roll his gimlet eye,
 And like a hoatswain rave and bawl;
 They hate such dronish bigotry,
 And haste to pleasure's luring call.
 They laugh, they quaff, &c.

Let *Field—g* wave his rusty sword,
 Such honest bucks despise his power;
 To us belongs the festive board,
 The joyous and the social hour.
 We laugh, we quaff, &c.

Let reformation's stupid tools,
 Preach on to dull mechanic elves;
 We hate their methodistic rules,
 We leave them to reform themselves.
 Let's laugh and quaff, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

The HONEST FARMER: A New SONG.

BELIEVE me, good folks, I work hard at the plough,
 The harvest is over—thank heav'n for my gain;
 And while I can furrow, can harrow, and sow,
 My friends shall ne'er want, but partake of my grain.

C H O R U S.

*For Britain can boast of fair Ceres alone,
 And Ceres will bless both the people and throne.*

My cellar with plenty of liquor is stor'd,
 My table well furnish'd with good homely fare;
 My neighbours are welcome—the corn I ne'er hoard,
 But give the poor gratis—whate'er I can spare.
 Cho. *For Britain can boast, &c.*

My wishes are modest, my cares they are few,
 I am not ambitious, nor vain to be great;
 I live above scandal, pay each man his due,
 Content with my fortune, my farm, and estate.
 Cho. *For Britain can boast, &c.*

With competence blest, Oh! how happy the life,
 Of the *farmer* who lives in the village retire;
 Excluded from bustle, from fraud, noise, and strife,
 In peace he enjoys ev'ry social desire.
 Cho. *For Britain can boast, &c.*

S O N G XXXIII.

MODERATION *and* ALTERATION.

HERE's an old song made by a good ancient pate,
 Of a worthy old gentleman, who had a good estate;

And kept a very plentiful house, at a very plentiful rate,
 With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation, moderation, O! wonderful moderation.

With an old lady whose anger a good word assuages,
 Who never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,
 or pages;
 But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
 And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and
 badges.
Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
 And a reverend old chaplain, you may know him by
 his looks,
 And an old buttery-hatch worn of the old hooks,
 And a good old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen
 old cooks.
Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
 bows,
 And old swords and bucklers, which had born many
 hard blows;
 And an old frizady coat to cover his worship's trunk
 hose,
 And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper nose.
Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when *Christmas* is come,
 To call in the neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
 And have good cheer enough in every old room,
 And liquor strong enough to make a cat speak, and a
 wife man dumb.
Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
 hounds,
 With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
 For

For he, like a wise man, always kept himself within
bounds,
And when he dy'd, left each child a good old thousand
pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his houses and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bountiful
mind;

But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts all behind.

Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of
his land,

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command,
And drinking at taverns till he could neither go or
stand,

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was both fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to house-keeping or care;
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton air,
And half a dozen dresses of other women's hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-fashion'd sort of chaplain that swears faster
than he prays;

Also a new buttery-hatch that opens but once in five
or six days,

And a large kitchen stored with nothing but kickshaws
and toys.

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall just built where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal, or wood;
It was hung round with pictures, which did the poor
little good,

The subjects whereof were all prophane and lewd.

Alteration, &c.

With .

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
 In a post-chaise for *London* we must be gone,
 And leave no body at home but our new porter, *John*,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
 a stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet his person to adorn,
 In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn;
 In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades, and plays,
 The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and days.

Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
 For which many of his father's good old manors were
 sold;

Which is the reason that most men do hold,
 That open house-keeping is grown so very cold.

Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration,

SONG XXXIV.

Tune: *Old Sir Simon the King.*

A Buxom young girl keeps a yard,
 And she too for ever is cleaning
 The stones, which are pure, smooth and hard,
 And as white as the dear creature's linen:
 Not far from this yard she's a house,
 The like is ne'er seen in a cent'ry;—
 But what's very odd, the young blouze
 Each night puts the yard in her entry.

An old woman of fourscore and one,
 That hardly a custard could mumble,
 Who long had been us'd to the fun,
 And many stout things had made humble:
 She still remain'd sound at the root,
 As at fifteen when she did begin it,
 And each night she enjoys the fruit,
 By getting the stalk within it,

SONG XXXV.

DARBY M'HONE'S LAMENTATION.

An IRISH SONG.

To the Tune of, *I never will marry while Youth's of my Side.*

O What will become of poor *Darby M'Hone*,
Who has come all the way from the county *Tyrone*,
To get him a service, but faith can get none,
Cause why, he's an *Irish* dear joy fir.

For ah since in *London* they tell me such tales,
That *Sawney's* been pairing a young lion's nails,
And that *Scotland's*—got into the middle of *Wales*,
By *Shaint Patrick*, it must be a lie, fir.

Tho' faith I came hither my fortune to make,
Not doubting some lady my fancy might take,
For ah as I've brew'd—so I find I must bake,
For *Scotsmen* are now all the fashion ;

Shillalee's no more, the *Scotch* whiniard prevails,
And *Scotland's* got into the middle of *Wales*.
While the young *English* lion has lost teeth and nails,
By my shoul there is nought but fexation.

O could I but get out the burr from my throat,
I'd pass for a *Scotsman*, and so turn my coat,
But by Jafus I'd never sell my king for a groat,
Because I'd be honest and loyal.

But while *England's* lion's bereft of his nails,
And *Scotland's* transfixt in the middle of *Wales*,
I'll e'en take again to my yoke and my pails,
And to labour shall make no denial.

Whoe'er cou'd ha' thought it cou'd e'er be the lot,
Of *England* or *Wales* to be rid by the *Scot*,
When lately so many were hung up and shot,
For making of strife and rebellion ;

When

When *Cumberland Will* made the rogues turn their tails,
 Who dreamt they'd return ere to *England* through *Wales*,
 To curb *Britain's* lion and pair off his nails,
 As they've done by the help of a stallion.

I find then I've got on the wrong side the post,
 That panders, and stallions, and pimps rule the roast,
 And that he's best off who can flatter the most,
 So I think it high time to be jogging.

While *England* is weigh'd in a *Scotch* pair of scales,
 And *Sawney* keeps snug in the middle of *Wales*,
 By *Jasus* poor *Paddy* may e'en bite his nails,
 For in faith here are no signs of proggng.

There was *Patrick Maglochlin*, and *Jammy Fitz James*,
 With many brave fellows, (I can't tell their names)
 Who came here to *England* and married rich dames
 With houses and money good store, fir;

But since *England's* lion has lost teeth and nails,
 And *Scotland's* crept into the middle of *Wales*,
 The gimlet's despis'd and the winniard prevails,
 And the fam'd *Irish* jig is no more, fir.

Then *England* adieu!—since by *Scotsmen* o'er-run
 Look sharp, or by *Jasus* you're surely undone,
 May heav'n preserve both the crown and the throne,
 And defend the true faith's great defender;

For while *England's* lion's bereft of his nails,
 And *Scotland* lies close in the middle of *Wales*,
 Take care of the *Scotch* that they don't turn their tails,
 And assist to bring in the pretender.

S O N G XXXVI.

Tune of: *A Cobler there was*, &c.

SOME coblers turn poets to serve their best friends,
 Some members turn coblers to serve their bye-ends;
 Lord! what mean notions in those members lurk,
 To rob a poor cobbler of all cobbling work.

I hope you'll take care in the general choice,
To keep up your honour in giving your voice;
The man that does buy you, he must also sell,
Pray then chuse the member that will serve you well.

I am a free man, I may thank my good friend,
I not only do stand, but am willing to spend;
What can I do more in defence of your laws,
Than to empty my bags in your country's cause.

Forgive, ah! forgive, the advice I intend,
And unto false prophets your ears do not lend;
But let us be merry and chearfully sing,
A stiff standing member you'll think no bad thing,

I stand by myself, tho' by you I am rais'd,
And when I stand stiffly by you I am prais'd;
With nurses and midwives truly advise,
If those parts are wanting, a man cannot rise.

Some members no sooner into the house get,
Their votes they will sell, and will pay no just debt;
All such men of honour will swear black is white,
But a stiff-standing member, pays bills upon fight.

The balance of *England*, you need not to fear,
If all members like me would split but the hair;
Not lean to each party, or be led astray,
But push at all things in a middling way.

What can be more humble, unless a dormouse,
My highest ambition's a little thatch'd house;
A door in the middle, a girl in her smock,
The door for to open, whenever I knock.

My sweet lovely creatures, my dears, all in all,
By you I will stand and by you I will fall;
Come fill up your glasses and chearfully sing,
A stiff-standing member a blessing does bring.

S O N G XXXVII.

The Tune of: *Heigh ho, in Thomas and Sally.*

I Sing of a damsel just turn'd of fifteen,
Who long had been plagu'd with a sickness call'd green,
And oft to the doctor's would go;
Who gave his steel pill, but no service could do,
She ever kept sighing, heigh, ho.

A shepherd that liv'd in a neighbouring cot,
Who had of his parents a remedy got,
To see the sick damsel would go;
And to her his vial of drops he did show,
For which she'd been sighing, heigh, ho.

With looks pale as death, on a couch she was laid,
He press'd her to taste, she at first seem'd afraid,
Yet she lik'd the sight on't I trow;
He press'd her to taste it, for few drops could do,
To cure her of sighing, heigh, ho.

At length in her hand she the vial did take,
And then from the bottom the liquor did shake,
And then fell a sucking it so;
The youth was afraid she wou'd ne'er let it go,
And he at each drop, cried—heigh, ho.

This liquor was life, so must needs give her joy,
The vial was pretty, the taste ne'er could cloy,
The damsel got quickly, so, so;
But never to bed without these drops she'd go,
Which cur'd her of sighing, heigh, ho.

S O N G XXXVIII.

The TRUCKLE BED.

A Lafs, I dare not name her name,
For fear I shou'd disgrace her,
She tempted a youth to her bed to come,
In order to embrace her:

But at the door he made a stop.

He made a stop,

He made a stop ;

But she lay still, and snoring said,

The latch lift up.

He hearing what this fair maid said,

He lifted the latch and he enter'd,

But in his way unluckily

To the mother's bed he ventur'd :

O this poor maid was much afraid,

Was much afraid,

And almost dead ;

But she lay still, and snoring said,

To the truckle bed.

Then to the truckle bed he went,

But as he was agoing,

The unlucky cradle stood in his way,

Which almost spoil'd his wooing :

But at length the maid he 'spy'd,

The maid he 'spy'd,

The maid he 'spy'd,

But she lay still, and snoring said,

To the other side.

Then to the other side he went,

To shew the love he meant her ;

Pull'd off his cloaths courageously,

And went to the work he was sent for.

O this poor maid made no reply,

Made no reply,

Made no reply,

But she lay still, and snoring said,

A little too high.

The lusty lover half asham'd

Of her gentle admonition,

Resolv'd to charge o'er again,

As well as his heart cou'd wish him :

O now, my dear, I'm right, I know,
 I'm right, I know,
 I'm right, I know:
 But she lay still, and snoring said,
 A little too low.

Once more the youth resolv'd to try,
 His business so well intended;
 He hit the mark so cunningly,
 He defy'd the world to mend it:
 O now, my dear, I'm right, I swear,
 I'm right, I swear,
 I'm right, I swear:
 But she lay still, and snoring said,
 There, there, there.

S O N G XXXIX.

R E C I T A T I V E .

'T WAS on *Easter Monday*, of all days in the year,
 A gang of half-starv'd sailors to tower-hill did
 repair,
 Where a large drove of oxen they espy'd,
 At sight of whose fat haunches, thus the boatswain cry'd;
 Charming lovely oxen, I'm in love with you,
 What say you, master cockswain, are not you so too;
 Would you be so kind and civil to come ready roasted
 here,
 You should eat, and I should eat, and all should eat;
 Where shall we get any beer.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Unheedful of his moan, to slaughter they repair,
 Such words would sooner move a *Wapping* fair;
 Then *Tom* the cockswain, *Bess* the cook addresses,
 But first her greasy cheeks he smacks and presses.

Charming

Charming lovely *Betsey*, I'm in love with thee,
 What say you, dear *Betsey*, are not you with me;
 Would you be so kind and civil to lay along with me,
 You should see, I should see, and all should see,
 How merry, *Betsey*, we would be.

S O N G XL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TO shew my foibles, *Harry*—didst aspire,
 Discharg'd thy spleen, like *Etna's* raging fire:
 The phrase is clear, example proves it just,
 That fools conceited, always call fool first:
 No fairy tale I sing, my theme is truth,
 Give aid, ye nine, to draw the graceless youth.

(Tune, *Why, how now, madam Flirt, in the Beg. Opera.*)

You say my head's like wood,
 And scarcely know my letters,
 'Tis plainly understood,
 You're always with your betters.

Master *Harry*.

To *Sam's* go tune thy voice,
 With artifice cheat the beaux,
 Let *Dulwich* be thy choice
 For a dinner to propose.

Master *Harry*.

The inviting cash collect,
 Then appoint the festive day,
 And prove your kind respect,
 By going another way.

Master *Harry*.

(Tune, First air in *Cymon and Iphigene*.)

You boast that Lords with pleasure sit,
 Applaud your humour and your wit,
 Without rebuke there reign,
 Without, &c.

F 2

Till

Till wisdom rais'd her awful head,
 Be silent, noisy fool, she said,
 'Tis sentiment I claim,
 A sentiment I claim.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Harry rolling his eyes, involv'd in spleen,
 Sneering replies, I know not what you mean,
 Wisdom, with warmth inspir'd, bid him explore,
 Then seiz'd his arm, and kick'd him out of door;
 Like to spaniel beat, recoil'd the knave,
 And with bended knee, thus forgiveness crave.

(Tune, *O ponder well*,—Beggars Opera.)

O nobles all, forgive this crime,
 And let poor *Harry* eat,
 Comply, or else in future time
 I'll ne'er sit down to meat.

(Tune, *Youth's the season made for joy*.)

Hence, thou vile deceiver, go,
 The sage replies, in fury,
 To *Derry's* brothel tell thy woe,
 Herd with sons of *Drury*;
 Pay no score,
 Pimp for whore,
 Make your employ to center in those.
Hence, thou vile, &c.

Thou son of vice, virtue's foe,
 To friendship art a stranger,
 Artifice from head to toe,
 Nearly allied to danger.
 Haste retire,
 Ne'er aspire
 To join in wisdom's social choir.

(Tune,

(Tune, *The Marquis of Granby, as sure as, &c.*)

O ye men that are wise,
 And your characters prize,
 Attend to the truth I relate;
 For alms he'll amuse ye,
 Receiv'd, will abuse ye,
 And strut like a beggar in state.
 Base examples are these,
 O ye sons of the seas,
 To encourage this songster obscene:
 Then from folly desist,
 And the helpless assist,
 And send *Howard* to join the marine.

SONG XLI.

(Tune, *Tristram Shandy.*)

WHEN I was a midshipman in the *Northumberland*,
 Where I did learn for to hand, reef, and steer;
 My station was off *Whitehaven*, in *Cumberland*,
 There I first tasted the lips of my dear;
 When struck with each feature,
 I cry'd, my dear creature,
 My heart is light-headed I'll make it appear:
 Survey me you'll find me agraa,
 A well-body'd man in the face:
 Dear *Terry*, said she, you're la, la;
 Then gave me a loving embrace.

CHORUS.

*The blue rosy lips of my joy,
 Are sweeter nor treacle, nor sack:
 Sing fara, lallara, lalloo,
 Sullullua, subbubboo, whack.*

To gain her affections as I was endeavouring,
 In the church-yard of a sun-shiny night,
 Dear *Juggy*, says I, leave off your palavering,
 For my tongue's rigg'd with truth, and my honesty tight.

Let me be prevailing,
 Before we set failing,
 I'll bring my design in the dark to the light—
 Oh! then by the wooden tomb-stone,
 My brightest of beauties, I swore,
 But you and ten more I alone,
 Till after my death will adore.

The name 'pon my honey was *Jenny O'Brannegan*,
 Who danc'd the best cornpipe in the whole *North*,
 A niece to the piper call'd fire away *Flannegan*.
 The fiercest fellow on this side the *Firth*.
 Sure a lord chancellor
 Might wish to handsel her,
 For there's no first rate of half so much worth.
 O *Juggy*, be constant, I cry'd,
 Or else I will fly from your sight :
 But faith I did make her my bride,
 And ever since she's my delight.

We soon had a boy that's now nursing at *Manchester*,
 The picture of my great successor that's dead ;
 I hope that in time he will prove my best ancestor,
 The bravest of babies that e'er wore a head.
 I'm Captain *O'Cutter*,
 No bouncer or strutter,
 Each limb of my carcase is lighter than lead :
 O *Juggy*, come kiss me, said I,
 And plague me no more with your art,
 For if you do, after I die
 You'll trip up the heels of my heart.

S O N G XLII.

The R A P T U R E.

To a favourite tune in Midas.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia who can speak my bliss ;
 Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss ;

Every

Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms;
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my heart with rapture blest;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet;
 Look not so divinely on me,
Celia I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet, turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a death like this.

S O N G XLIII.
 W I N T E R.

To its own Tune.

WHEN the trees were all bare not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When all nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the rivers all bound by the frost:
 When the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent lambs haste away to the fold,
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.
 In the yard when the cattle are cover'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream:
 When the sweet country maiden as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews,
 All the charms that her modesty hides.
 When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met;
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And ghosts till they are all in a sweat:

When

When the Birds to the Barn door come hov'ring for food,
 Or they silently rest on the spray ;
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
 Lest her footsteps her course should betray.

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire ;
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire :
 Where in neatness and quiet and free from surprise,
 We may live and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

SONG XLIV.

The CRYSTAL TEAR.

To its own Tune.

WHAT means that tender sigh my dear,
 Why silent drops that chrystal tear,
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast ?
 Where love and peace delight to rest ;
 What tho' thy *Jockey* hath been seen,
 With *Molly* sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove,
 The matchless force of *Jenny's* love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I address'd,
 To grace the witty *Daphne's* breast ;
 But 'twas at her desire to try,
 If *Damon* cast a jealous eye :
 Those flowers will fade by morning's dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn :
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG

S O N G X L V.

AT the sign of the horse, where old *Spin-text* of course,
 Each night took his pipe, and his pot;
 O'er a jugg of brown nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
 Was plac'd the canonical sot.

Tol, lol, &c.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission;
 He stroak'd his cravat, and twirl'd round his hat,
 Then bowing prefer'd his petition.

Tol, lol, &c.

I'm come, sir, says he, to beg looker dy'e see,
 Of your reverendship's worship and glory;
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with a lanthorn before ye.

Tol, lol, &c.

The body we'll bury—but pray where's the hurry,
 Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;
 Why you fool you may guess since miracles cease,
 A corpse, *Moses*, can't run away.

Tol, lol, &c.

Here, bring *Moses* some beer, and bring me some d'ye hear,
 I hate to be called from liquor;
 Come *Moses* the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Tol, lol, &c.

Then *Moses* he spoke, 'twas twelve the clock struck,
 Besides there's a terrible shower;
 Why *Moses* you elf, when the clock has struck twelve,
 I'm sure it can never strike more.

Tol, lol, &c.

But *Moses* went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
 Pray master observe but the hand;

Why

Why it ne'er can be less and it's folly to press,
A man for to go that can't stand.

Tol, lol, &c.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tofs'd of a gill for fear they should chill,
And they staggard away side by side.

Tol, lol, &c.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a slave,
While the surplice was wrapp'd round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of *Moses* and vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Tol, lol, &c.

Good people let's pray—put the corpse t'other way,
Perhaps I may over it stumble ;
Tis best to take care—though the sages declare,
A Mortuum Caput cannot tumble.

Tol, lol, &c.

Woman of man born, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,
Oh ! man that is born of a woman ;
To cut down like a flower, can't continue an hour,
You see, *Moses*, death spareth no man.

Tol, lol, &c.

Here, *Moses*, pray look, what a confounded book,
Sure these letters are turn'd upside down ;
Such a villainous print, the devil is in't,
This *Baskett* should print for the crown.

Tol, lol, &c.

Here, *Moses*, you read, for I cannot proceed,
Come, bury the corpse in my stead ;
Amen, amen, *Moses*, you're wrong, prithee fool hold
your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

Tol, lol, &c.

Where's

Where's thy sting death, give the corpse to the earth,
 Believe me it's terrible weather ;
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together.

Tol, lol, &c.

SONG XLVI.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast,
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post:

*Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here;
 For who can know where we shall go,
 To be merry another year.*

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in's purse :

Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.

Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
 And one put in his stead.

Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

SONG XLVII.

*The TOASTS corrected; with the addition of three new
 verses, never before printed, which are distinguished
 by inverted commas.*

Tune : Masks all.

NOW Europe enjoys a repose from her wars,
 And fair fac'd commanders sleep fearless of scars,
Lads,

Lads, lift under love, and you lessons I'll teach ;—
 To the breast work advance, and then batter in breach,
Sing tantara rara toasts all, toasts all,
Sing tantara rara toasts all.

'Tis *Venus* commands, for engagement prepare,
 In *Cupid's* campaign, our foes are all fair ;
 As fair let us fight, and make proper seizure,
 Here's a health to our ensign, the standard of pleasure,
Sing tantara rara, &c.

The wish of the sportsman shall first be recounted,
 Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted :
 The lover, in this toast, has likewise a share,
 For he, huntsman-like, is for seizing the hare.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Charge with bumpers in hand, to your lips the glass
 lift,
 May we never want courage when put to a shift !
 And that we may never of happiness miss,
 May we kiss whom we please, and still please whom
 we kiss.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye sportsmen ! whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
 Come hither !—I'll give you four hams on one spit :
 And, lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,
 Here's the meat that best bastes itself when best it is spitted.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Come, my bucks, once again let your glasses be seiz'd :
 Here's the eye that weeps most when 'tis best and most
 pleas'd !
 And still to go on with my favourite theme,
 Here's to dying virginity unction extreme.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

More toasts, my brave boys, with your leaves I must
 teach :
 In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach ;
 Here's

Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend,
And the bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.

Sing tantara rara, &c.

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,
And carefully save what we bountifully give :
And, when keeping time, to depart we are ready,
May our dying be happy, our revival be speedy.

Sing tantara rara, &c.

“ Or thus—the frugal wife who her husband befriends,
And carefully saves what he plentifully spends :
Here is the old play-house that's built in Smock-alley,
And the best of the game when both frequently rally,

Sing tantara rara, &c.

“ Here's the marksman who never at shooting despairs,
Who a coney can hit 'midst a million of hares !
Here's the wonder of roots ! fit for ladies to span,
That grows 'twixt two stones in the fam'd isle of Man.”

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Let us now toast some females : the first my muse greets,
Is the bookbinder's wife who well stitches in sheets !
Next the brown female reaper who the harvest will
hand in,

And so well does her work, not an handful leaves standing,
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Next the handsome house-maid who is still on her guard,
To keep the stones clean and well scour the yard ;
And her architect sister, the joy of the people,
Who's not hurt by the stones, while she pulls down the
steeple.

Sing tantara rara, &c.

To the last that's lamb-like be a bumper replete,
Who still wags her tail while she sucks at the teat ;
Here's the ring of *Hans Carvel*, may ev'ry buck win it,
And to all equal joy in the critical minute.

Sing tantara rara, &c.

G

Here's

Here's the miller's wife's music! worth all other tones,
 When the sluice is set open, and strong grind the stones;
 To the maker of baskets, his wife's worth a bottle,
 Who strips down the bark, and yet safe keeps the wattle.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

The young female chymist, who by her own heat,
 The essence of life from stiff stratum can get :
 But, of all the fond females, the girl I most prize
 Is the skilful furr'd female the judge of a size.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Remember, lads, life's but a summer's short day,
 So, while our youth shines, let us joyous make hay ;
 Joy is all that we live for, let's equally share it,
 Here's the harvest of life, love, wit, and good claret.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

Now a truce to our toasts :—but six more will I name,
 Since we've enter'd the lists to protect Love's black game,
 Here's the centry that keeps at the cockpit command,
 And naked at midnight uncover'd will stand.
Sing tantara rara, &c.

“ Here's a milk-white skin without perfume or smell,
 “ And a scarlet cap fac'd with a black lapel ;
 “ Here's the rough road of love to the smooth water-fall !
 “ Nay, here's c— in plain terms ! that's one word for all.
Sing tantara rara, the end, the end,
Sing tantara rara, the end.

S O N G XLVIII.

On S P R I N G.

YE sons and ye daughters of this happy isle,
Britannia's glad summons obey ;
 Dress, dress up your garlands, your toil cease a while,
 And joyfully usher in *May*.

View

View in this happy season what scenes of delight;
 The meadows, what odours perfume;
 What ravishing prospects, long hid from the sight,
 Now to the eye beautiful bloom.

See how the gay butterflies flutter around,
 Born up on the rosy wing'd breeze:
 And see how the flowers that spangle the ground,
 Are robb'd of their sweets by the bees.

See the milk-maid (o'er woodlands in flow'rs array'd)
 Trips chearfully after her cows;
 And see how enchanting, how lovely a shade,
 Is form'd by the blossom-rob'd boughs.

See lovers, how private they steal to the grove,
 Their old plighted vows to renew;
 And see how the tell-tale, the tell-tale of love,
 Flies over them, chanting cuckow.

In ecstasy lost in the brink of yon stream,
 Whose water in sweet murmurs glide:
 See *Damon* a piping his favourite theme,
 While lambs gently play by his side.

See on the smooth surface of the silver flood,
 The goose 'fore her young gently floats;
 And see on the top of yon neighbouring wood,
 How sweetly the birds chant their notes.

SONG XLIX.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Tune, Push about the brisk bowl.

COME let us begin, for the clock has struck ten,
 Leave fooling, and take off your glass:—
 He that will not, I'm sure (tho' he looks like a man)
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Then let us be jovial, and drink, sing, and laugh,
 Let meagre despair sigh alas;
 Fill the bumper, and he that drinks up but the half,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, &c.

Take your glasses in hand, a fig for each elve,
 Give the toast of some favourite lass;
 We'll pledge it, and he that does start before twelve,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Come give us a song that is well stock'd with fun,
 Our time let it merrily pass;
 Be merry, I say, he that starts before one,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, &c.

Here, free from our cares, let us pleasure pursue,
 Look on money as nothing but brass;
 Come, lads, drink about, he that starts before two,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, &c.

Who rules will prescribe for such spirits as we,
 Their scheming is all but a farce;
 Whilst liquor enough, he that starts before three,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

S O N G L.

*On her M——Y's ASS.**

By Harry Howard.

Tune : Stick a Pin there—not in her a-se.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

YE bucks and ye jemmies, who amble the park;
 Whose hearts and whose heads are as lightsome as
 cork;

Thro'

* Her M——y having received a present of a Zebra, or African Ass; from her royal indulgence, has exposed it to public view in a paddock near her palace (Buckingham house in the park) to gratify the curiosity of the populace; whence it is become a common saying in London, "Come and see the q—n's ass without fee or reward."

Thro' Buckingham gate; as to *Chelsea* your pass,
Without fee or reward you may see the q—n's a—

Cho. *See the q——n's a—, see the q——n's a—,
Without fee or reward you may see the q——n's a—.*

A sight such as this surely never was seen;
Who the duce would not gaze at the a— of a q——n!
What prospect so charming? what scene can surpass
The delicate sight of her m——y's a—?

Tho' squeamish old prudes with invektive and spleen,
May turn up their noses and censure the q——n,
Crying out, 'tis a shame that her q——nship, alas!
Should take such a pride in exposing her a—.

Let them rail if they will, yet I'll bet ten to one,
Not a prude of them all but would alter her tone,
Provided that fortune so kind to each lass,
Had bestow'd such an a—— as her M——y's a—.

The fribbles cry out, 'tis a sin and a shame,
To suffer a sight with so filthy a name;
Tho' they rail, yet will each take a peep through his glass,
For who would not peep at her m——y's a——.

From M——g St——z, a place of renown,
This good natur'd princess came here for a crown;
And now in return to the folks as they pass,
She kindly repays them by shewing her a—.

Ye gods, I with pleasure could gaze day and night,
At so charming, so pretty, so curious a sight;
In truth I must own, nay, I swear by the mass,
I would kiss if no treason, her M——y's a—.

But this for a subject, tho' loyal, I fear
Would be look'd on by some folks as coming too near;
Then, in prudence, my passion I'll stifle, alas!
Content but to gaze on her M——y's a—.

Resign'd to my fate thus to gaze and no more,
In vain for possession I sigh and implore;

But scripture informs us that all flesh is grass,
And such I presume is her m—y's a—,

Since then there is no mighty difference between
The a— of a subject and that of a q—n,
Let each lad full of glee take his bottle and glass,
And drink the q—'s health not forgetting her a—.

Cho. *Not forgetting her a—; not forgetting her a—;
And drink the q—'s health, not forgetting her a—.*

S O N G L I.

*The Asses of Great Britain: An answer to HARRY
HOWARD'S Q—'s Ass. By FART-INANDO; a
modern political Ass-trologer.*

Tune : *Push about the brisk bowl.*

PERMIT me good people (a whimsical bard)
And snarl not ye critical class,
If once I presume without fee or reward,

To prove that each *Briton's* an ass, an ass,

To prove that each Briton's an ass.

First view *Harry Howard*, that scribbling fat wight,
With forehead well cover'd with brass,
A dinner is wanting, then sits down to write,
And to the whole town shews his a—.

At the best post in *Britain* see *Sawney* now plac'd :
Who thought it would e'er come to pass,
When the lion should thus be so vilely disgrac'd,
And led by the nose like an ass ?

An ass we are told found a lion's rough hide,
And fain for grim *leo* would pass ;
But when like the *Briton* to frighten he try'd
His braying discover'd the ass.

The Auditor also attempted to roar,
In *Billingsgate* wit did surpass ;
The North *Briton* came, a good cudgel he bore,
And smartly corrected the ass.

Old *Shylock* the Jew, who in *Change-alley* strives
 The wealth of the land to amass,
 While into your pockets he openly dives,
 Of each Bull and Bear makes an ass.

Let sly canting *Squintum*, that sanctify'd prig,
 But once take a peep in the glass,
 Instead of the saint with the spirit grown big,
 He'll there see the form of an ass.

When *Moore* fally'd forth the fair-sex to relieve,
 Like *Quixot* or *Sir Hudibras*,
 That *Fanny* was scratching as truth did believe,
 But now finds himself a dull ass.

Blind Justice who owes the sad loss of his sight,
 To some unkind love inflam'd lass,
 May boast he can plainly discern wrong from right,
Jack Catch will soon prove him an ass.

But now to conclude, sirs, I think it high time,
 This sing-song satyrical farce,
 And if you don't kindly encourage his rhyme,
 The author will look like an ass, an ass,
The author will look like an ass.

S O N G LII.

*The Other Thing ; a ballad on the American Rabbet, said
 to be lately presented to the Q—— by a chief of the Ca-
 tabaws. By GEORGE ROLLS.*

Evil to him who evil thinks.

To the Tune of : *The Old Woman of Grinstead.*

LET the wits of the age our attention engage,
 Let asses on asses grow funny ;
 My muse now shall sing, of another guise thing,
 That's her M—— beautiful C——.

From

From *America's* shore ! pretty thing ! it came o'er,
 Where the war-hoops of Catabaws stun ye ;
 In the lap of the Q——, it is now to be seen,
 And all ladies will now have a C——.

Cats and lap-dogs retire, you no more we'll admire,
 This outlandish thing has undone ye ;
 You may pur, bark, and play, but the K——, as they say,
 Will stroak none but her M——y's C——.

Tho' it came from abroad, we the present applaud,
 Tho' keeping may cost us some money ;
 Yet no *Briton* that's true, will make much ado,
 At supporting her M——y's C——.

Tho' her *Zebra* ran wild, 'tis now tame as a child,
 Yet, who thinks it will breed as a *Toney* ;
 But a plentiful race, old *En——d* to grace,
 May proceed from her M——y's C——.

By itself will it breed ? No, it will not indeed,
 There must something be like matrimony ;
 But leave that to the K——, and I'll warrant he'll bring,
 A companion to please the Q——n's C——.

Like her mule not in size, which the Connoisseurs prize,
 And would in its praise make us funny ;
 But a neat little thing, and as fit for a K——,
 As a Q——, is her M——y's C——.

This in loup, or with chain, there's no need to restrain,
 'Tis not to be purchas'd with money ;
 And *good lack-a-day* ! it can ne'er run away,
 Quite safe is her M——y's C——.

Long to cherish the land, may our monarch command,
 Nor war into more expence run ye :
 Bless the Q—— with her charms, in his M——y's arms,
 And here's good success to her C——.

S O N G LIII.

*The K I S S.*Tune, *Old Sir Simon the King.*

MANKIND so deceitful are grown,
 They make one another their prey;
 From the cot to the slaves round throne,
 Like *Judas* with kissing betray.

The lover who talks of his smart,
 To draw the dear girl to his bliss,
 Will swear only she has his heart,
 And binds the false vow with a kiss.

In law too it often is found,
 How many false oaths have been took;
 The evidence, tho' he's not found,
 Thro' interest kisses the book.

To *Rome* young and old brawny friars,
 For pardons and honours will go;
 His Holiness grants their desires,
 And they in return kiss his toe.

The courtier who fawns to be great,
 And lives on the fat of the land,
 Is a traitor, perhaps, to the state,
 When he kisses his Sovereign's hand.

The toper, I'll make it appear,
 In honesty all doth surpass;
 As his liquor, his conscience is clear,
 With sincerity kisses his glass.

He envies not those who controul,
 Nor wants to be learned or rich;
 Let him have but a full-flowing bowl,
 He'll bid all the rest kiss his b——h.

The

S O N G L I V.

*The MASQUERADE; or, POLITICAL BAG-PIPER.**A New Comic SONG, in the Scotch Taste.*To the Tune of, *The Flowers of Edinburgh.**Qui capit, ille facit.*

BRA' *John o' Boot* was a bonny muckle Mon,
 Fra' *Scotland* he came wi' his broad sword in his hand,
 He came at the head of a bra' bonny clan,
 Who the de'il cou'd his muckle *muckle-suit* withstand?

He looked so neat,

And he kissed so sweet,

That a *dame of renown* soon gave ear to his suit;Then his *pipe* he lugg'd out,

And ye need not to doubt,

But in concert he play'd—with her *German flute*.Quoth he, bonny lassie, your *flute* gangs weel,And keeps gude time wi' my *bagpipe* clear;

Sic music as this is, can surely never fail,

In time to accord with an *English* ear;

For what music so sweet,

Or what harmony compleat,

As the *bagpipe* join'd with the *German flute*?

Then turning up her eyes,

Strait the muckle dame replies:

“When the *bagpipe's* play'd by my *John o' Boot*.”

Play away, bonny lad, I have good store of gold,

Your *bag* shall be full, while your *pipe* it can play,

You ne'er shall return to a climate so cold,

For your kisses are warmer and sweeter than *May*;

Quoth he, do not mourn,

For I ne'er will return,

While here I can taste of the *golden fruit*:Then his *pipe* he essay'd,And another *lilt* he play'd,In concert sweet—with her *German flute*.

Away *English* fools, ye no more shall pretend,
 In music to vie with a bonny *Highland* mon;
 No more shall the lasses of *England* commend,
 The fam'd *Irish* jig, when compar'd to my *John*;
 For a quick merry strain,
 That enlivens each vein,
 Who the de'il with a *Scotsman* shall e'er dispute?
 But his *bagpipe* alone,
 Has too much of the drone,
 And of need must be join'd with my *German* flute.
 Come on, bonny lads, then with pleasure advance,
 Your poor empty scrips and your wallets disown,
John o' Boot bears the bell, fir, and leads up the dance.
 In the *Grand Masquerade* at the *Thistle* and *Crown*;
 There sweetmeats and wine,
 Shall intreat you to dine;
 Your hunger assuage, and your spirits recruit,
 While more soft to the ear,
 Hark! the *bagpipe* so clear,
 In concert resounds with the *German* flute.
 A fine *English* fiddle accords to the strain,
 A better fure never was play'd on before;
 The *French-horn*, at a distance, would join it amain,
 And the *Spanish* Guittar play an overture in score;
 But woe to the land,
 If they join in the band,
 Soon the fiddle wou'd be broke, and the *Fiddlestick* to boot,
 For an *Englishman* born,
 Should despise a *French-horn*,
 Though his ear may be tickled by a *German* flute.

S O N G L V.

The OLD WIFE.

WHILE pensive and serious ye think of a wife,
 But if with a woman you saddle for life,

Be

Be sure take an old one, your case soon may alter,
For you cannot hang long in an old rotten halter.

Derry down, down, &c.

Suppose you should wed a young beautiful lass,
Why you'll nearer resemble an ox than an ass;
For with different ladles her broth must be stirr'd,
And beaux will buz round her like flies round a t—d.

Derry down, down, &c.

But an old wife at home's always easy and cool,
And you use her the same as would a close-stool;
If you want to evacuate, she's still the receiver,
And when done, you may pull up your trowsers and
leave her.

Derry down, down, &c.

But the devil can't cure a young wife's itching heats
If you cram her all night, she'll cry out for more meat;
F—k her forwards and backwards, why it is all one;
You no sooner are off, than she cries—you an't done.

Derry down, down, &c.

In marrying a young wife you oft catch a tartar;
Suppose you shou'd quarrel blow for blow she can barter;
But if with an old one, you are forc'd to fight,
Whate'er she may claw, you are sure she can't bite.

Derry down, down, &c.

How pleasant the relish of old bottl'd beer,
Pour'd forth in a tumbler our spirits to cheer;
Take an honest old wife, 'tis a parallel case,
Cork her well, and she'll mantle and smile in your face.

Derry down, down, &c.

S O N G LVI.

Tune, Lumps of Pudding.

ONE Ev'ning, *Good-humour* took *Wit* as his Guest,
Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
Their liquor was claret, and love was their host,
And mirth, song and sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

But

But while like true bucks they enjoy'd their design,
For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit and wine,
Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they drag'd, the impertinent bound,
When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the grey glutton *Time*, they had seiz'd?
His glas was his lanthorn, his scythe was his pole,
His single lock dangled a-down his smooth scull.
My Friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye begone, for it's past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd tooth'd savage, on this advice fix,
Tho' nature strikes twelve, folly still points to fix:
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hid him at once in a hog'shead of claret.
This is right, call'd out *Wit*, while we're in our prime,
There is nothing like claret, for killing of *Time*.
Buzza, rejoic'd *Love*, now no more can he knock,
Nor impertinent tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Now *Time* is no more, or no more can forbid us,
Love and *Wit* of that troublesome guest well has rid us;
Yet if *Time* should be wanting for any design,
Henceforth he'll be found in a hog'shead of wine.
Since *Time* is confin'd in our wine, let us think
By this rule, we are sure of our *Time* when we drink;
Come, Lads, let your glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always well *tim'd*.

SONG LVII.

Tune, *The bonny grey ey'd morn.*

A Hymn to Love, address'd to Miss —

RIGHT of our mind, all hail prolific beam,
Our fam'd grand parents feast in *Eden's* grove,
The tree of life there rais'd its plenteous stem,
Bore the rich fruit, and that rich fruit was *Love*.

H

The

Hope blooms the blossoms which fair fancy form'd,
 While melting pity raises ev'ry shoot ;
 Esteem then strengthens what desire has warm'd,
 And, in the heart of friendship, Love takes root.

Devoutly thus young *Damon* own'd his flame,
 The friendly pow'rs of Love approv'd his pray'r ;
 Fair *Delia* tripping down the landscape came,
 'Twas *Venus* urg'd and fond impell'd the fair.
 He rose, he rush'd, he seiz'd the glowing maid,
 She faintly cry'd, nay *Damon*, nay, have done ;
 Is there no help, ye gods ! I am betray'd,
 Then, sighing on his breast, sunk softly down.

Oh ! if you ever lov'd me, *Damon*, dear,
 She murmur'd, as she clasp'd him to her breast ;
 Hark, list, who's that ? my life, my love, forbear,
 More she won'd say, but sighs forbade the rest.
 " More I would say ; but more I am forbid,
 " Suffice it that they met with mutual flame,
 " What happy lovers do, perhaps, they did,
 " Come, *Polly*, guess the deed, and do the same."

SONG LVIII.

Tune, *Daniel Cooper*.

POOR *Dana* mourn'd (lock'd up from love)
 That she was born in vain, fir ;
 Then sent her prayer to powerful *Jove*,
 To ease her virgin pain, fir.
 To pave his way, as lovers shou'd,
 He gold dispatch'd before, fir,
 No guards that battering force withstood,
 It broke down ev'ry door, fir.

Supine she lay on velvet couch,
 Her mind soft thoughts conceiving,
 She rais'd her head at *Jove's* approach,
 At once the god receiving.

Delight

Delight throughout the palace reign'd,
 Such was the will of *Jove*, fir,
 Each slave large store of gold had gain'd,
 The lady store of love, fir.

Confine a girl in di'mond rocks,
 Depute a dragon centry,
 Yet Love, in spite of guarded locks,
 Knows where to make his entry.
 From potent gold Love borrows wings,
 Regardless of abasement,
 On which to ladies lips he springs,
 Thro' Key-hole, or thro' casement.

If you like *Jove*, your gold display,
 The fair will make you blest'd, fir,
 When wealth prepares a lover's way,
 They love that way the best, fir:
 Be secret tho' in what you give,
 Nor to your friend unfold, fir,
 Tho' all you have they'll all receive,
 They hate to have it told, fir.

What woman can the force withstand
 Of such united wooing ;
 When love and wealth, in either hand,
 And secrecy come suing.
 Intriguing youth, henceforth approve
 The system I unfold, firs,
 Since gold can always best make love,
 We'd best make love to gold, firs.

SONG LIX.

LOVELY BET.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
 And *Betsy* is my lovely bride:
 Now, my dear, be not so coy,
 Freely grant the nuptial joy ;
 Let me, charming lovely *Bet*,
 Squeeze your bubbly, suck the teat.

Now to maiden arts adieu,
 You shall see how I please you;
 Down upon that haycock lie,
 Let me stroak your snowy thigh;
 Then my charming lovely *Bet*,
 I will squeeze and suck your teat.

There, my *Collin*, will that do,
 I vow I'd do't for none but you;
 O your tooth is so sharp set,
 That you hurt your lovely *Bet* :
 Leave off, dearest *Colinet*,
 Else you'll quite bite off my teat.

What a wound you've made, pray see,
 Prithee look and pity me;
 Oh! what is a coming now,
 I shall faint away I know :
 Never fear, my dearest *Bet*,
 'Tis love's balsam for your teat.

Once again, my *Collin*, try,
 And your balsam strait apply;
 Do my dear, indeed you shall,
 For 'tis mighty pectoral :
 No, no, *Bet*, no more this bout,
 For behold my Vial's out.

SONG LX.

The H—P—'s RAMBLE.

OF all the occupations a man can take in hand,
 None can excel the h——g trade, if p—s they
 will but stand.

And a h——g we will go, &c.

In singing and drinking we'll spend the night and day,
 And by h——g of our landlady we will the reckoning
 pay.

And a h——g we will go, &c.

And

And if she has ever a daughter that is old enough,
We'll turn the mother out of doors, and h—p the girl
in buff. *And a h—g we will go, &c.*

From thence unto the park, and h—p the soldiers trulls,
We'll rifle every faucy bitch, and crack the boogers skulls.
And a h—g we will go, &c.

Then thro' *Spring-gardens* gate and up the *Strand* we'll
beat,
Against the posts we'll stoutly h—p each gaudy whore
we meet. *And a h—g we will go, &c.*

Then strait up *Cath'rine-street*, and so to *Drury-lane*,
We'll h—p our way thro' both of these and then go on
again. *And a h—g we will go, &c.*

From thence unto *Wapping* and there lead jovial lives,
We'll drink ourselves half drunk in punch, and h—p
the captains wives.
And a h—g we will go, &c.

From thence unto *Stepney* and then back unto *Rag Fair*,
And if we have but pence a piece, we'll h—p the bitches
there. *And a h—g we will go, &c.*

From thence unto *White-Chapel* like well-accomplish'd
rakes,
We'll pull the butchers by the nose, and h—p their
wives for steaks.
And a h—g we will go, &c.

The fish women of *Billingsgate* we'll h—p by all the gods,
their a—s plac'd on heaps of dace, and fill their c—ts
with cods. *And a h—g we will go, &c.*

From thence unto *Fleet-market* where parsons were so
thick,
We'll h—p their wives, and with their bands each man
shall wipe his p—k.
And a h—g we will go, &c.

S O N G L X I.

Signior Catguttina's Lamentation. A Burletta.

R E C I T A T I V O.

V E R E is mine lose, mine pretty dammoseina,
 Dat she no come to make mine shirt look cleaner;
 Vat is the reason she no come before,
 To mend mine preeches, vish so much are tore.

A I R.

(To the tune of, *Dearest creature of all nature.*)

Dammoseina
 Neat and clean a,
 O my losely beauteous las,
 Put some stiches
 In mine preeches,
 Or de folks—vill see mine a—se.
 Put some stiches
 In mine preeches,
 Or de folks—vill see mine a—se.
 Or de folks, &c.

Bring some soap to vash and scower,
 And some starch, or else some flour;
 Hasten, O hasten, mine losly fair,
 Vile I curl and pinsh mine air.

Dammoseina neat, &c.

Vid mine fidel I'll delight ye,
 Music charms will sure invite ye,
 Come, O come, mine dammoseina,
 To your faithful *Catguttina*.

Oh! O——!

Dammoseina neat, &c.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Vas ever man before in such a plight:
 Vat must I do? to-night is op'ra night—
 But hark!—I hear her knocking at de door,
 Come in you little, pretty, saucy ore.

(79)

ITALIAN AIR.

S H E.

Eh! Seignior vat you call a me,
If you say such vorts encore,
I vill so cuff and maul ye,
I'll teach you call me ore.
I'll teach you call me ore,
I'll teach you, &c.

I heard you say so just as I
Vas coming at de door.
Vas coming at de door,
Vas coming at, &c.

R E C I T A T I V O.

H E.

By gar mine angels I was in jest,
For ven I call you ore—I lose you best.

ITALIAN AIR.

Come den mine Dammozeina,
Here take mine rofel'd shirt,
And vash it nice and cleanna,
For ah! 'tis black as dirt;
Den make mine breeches whole and tight,
And I will—kiss you for't.
And I will—kiss you for't.

S O N G LXII.

Tune, *Farewel to Lochaber.*

THE sportsman may boast of his well scented hound;
Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound;
The statesman may vaunt of political schemes;
Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams;
Let night-wasting learned their volumes unfold,
Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold;
Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state, I protest,
'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

Tho'

Tho' Bird's in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our heads,
 And *Flora's* gay paintings enamel the meads ;
 Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the trees,
 So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes each breeze:
 The odour of spices, the pure chrystal stream,
 Each nice gift of nature, I nobly esteem :
 Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand the test,
 With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,
 What woe can we feel, if fond woman is there ?
 The nostrum of nature, the med'cine of life,
 In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a Wife :
 But think not, ye fair, that these praises are paid
 To the miser-like virgin, the green-sickness maid ;
 Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your plan,
 And ye useless exist, 'till you're finish'd by Man.

S O N G. LXIII.

A GRAND SOLEMN DIRGE, *in the High Burlesque
 Tragi-comic Taste ; performed at the Funeral of OLD
 ENGLISH LIBERTY, the day the Treaty of Peace was
 signed betwixt England, France, and Spain.*

FIRST RECITATIVE. *By Mr Bawldon.*

To the bladder and string.

Henceforth no *English* brow shall smile,
 She's gone!—The darling of our isle !
 Struck to the heart,
 With grief and smart ;
 Woe ! Woe !
 Ah ! Oh !
 Weep, wail !
 Cry, rail !
 Rave, swear,
 Stamp, stare !

Nothing remains, but black despair !

AIR.

(81)

A I R.

*By Mr Black-Beard, the Black-Smith,
To the Anvil and Hammer.*

Tune, By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire.

When the tax on the *Porter* was laid,
I thought they had something in view,
Some scheme on our strength and our trade,
For since I've had nothing to do;
Each night I could call for my quart,
For *Thrums* have a tankard of *Porter*.
But the *Halfpenny* breaks my poor heart,
And the beer is no better than water.

D U E T T A.

By Miss Rent and Miss Shriller (Two milk Girls)

To the Rattling of their Pails.

(Tune, The Attick Fire.)

Come all ye brave that fought and bled,
Your darling liberty is dead,
By cruel hands she fell;
The lovely fair alas! no more
Shall smile on poor *Britannia's* shore;
O grief too great to tell!

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr Wafs-p, Stinger and Singer.

(To the Drone of a Bagpipe.)

Take 'em, for their damn'd ill-nature,
And fling 'em, home, with stinging satire.

A I R.

(Accompanied with the Tongs and Fire-shovel.)

(Tune, Britons, strike home.)

*Britons, sneak home,
Sneak home,
Sneak home,
Your liberty's gone,*

Hark!

Hark ! Hark to her knell !
Hark ! Hark to her knell ! *Da Capo.*
Ding, dong, bell.

D U E T T A.

By Messrs. Savage and Mad-Ox Butchers.

(To the Marrow-bones and Cleavers.)

(Tune, As I was a driving my Waggon one Day, &c.)

The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say,
They've murder'd poor liberty—rot 'em, I pray;
They *butcher'd* her vilely, and *mangled* her fore,
And made themselves drunk with the poor creature's
gore.

C H O R U S.

Ah, poor liberty ! old *English* liberty !
Genius of *England* adieu !

R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

By Mr Shampless, the Trunk-maker.

*To the Rumbling of Carts, Coaches, and Broad Wheel
Waggons.*

Oh ! I could tear their houses down ;
Aye that I would for half a crown ;
I'd make 'em start, and stare, and wonder,
To hear my *Stentorific* thunder !

A I R.

(Tune, Cover me with Ice and Snow.)

Ah it is a fatal blow,
And a dismal overthrow ;
Never was a scene of woe,
Like what we undergo.

D U E T T A.

By Mr Shagger, and Miss Put-here, *Quearests*.

(*Accompanied by the Hurdy Gurdy.*)

(Tune, *In Infancy our Hopes, &c.*)

When fair success began to smile,
And spread her chearing rays ;
Each hero valu'd not the spoil,
But fought in hopes of bays :
Yet victory was all in vain,
'Twas just like childrens' play
The S—t—h friends of *France* and *Spain*,
Have giv'nt all away.

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr Low, the Highwayman*.

(*Accompanied with the Clinking of Fetters*)

Shall villains kill or rob in state,
And fordid seek their country's fate ;
Because forsooth, they're rich and great ? }
While such as I are hang'd in air,
For only putting folks in fear.

A I R.

Tune, *Since Laws were made, &c.*

If rascals were punish'd of ev'ry degree,
For robbing their country, or taking a fee,
What a heap of S—h faces we daily should see ;
Under Tyburn tree.

But favour can take out the stain from a coat,
E'en the blood of a king who was sold for a groat,
For that they will say was a trifling fault ;—
But d—n their plea.

* Mackheath.

R E C I T A T I V E.

By *Mrs Vixen-t* (Termagant) *To the Clack of a Mill,*

Like to the clack of this same mill,
They ne'er shall make my tongue lye still;
May rage and clamour never cease,
To make a *noise* about the *Peace*.

A I R.

To the Tune of, *Harvest Home.*

Come *Nelly* and *Moll*,
Come *Susan* and *Dolt*,
Each termagant raise up your voice;
Let us rave, let us squall,
Let us bellow and bawl,
And make a most damnable noise!

C H O R U S.

No *peace* shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a *damnable noise*!
Damnable noise!
Damnable noise!
So let's have a *damnable noise*!

R E C I T A T I V E.

By *Mr Quaker*, the *singing Baker*, and *Mr Legg-it*.
By all the gods I'll make 'em *shake*!
Their lips to *quaver* and to *quake*!
I'll shew myself a subject true;
Ha! Master *Legg-it*, what say you?

Mr Legg-it.

As long as I've a *leg* to stand on,
I never will the cause abandon,

A M B O.

(Tune, *With Swords on their Thighs.*)

To liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,

How

How charming she look'd with her shield and her spear !
A friend to the stranger, a stranger-to fear.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE and AIR.

By Miss Cat-ly and Miss Squallam.

(Accompanied by the Cat Organ,)

Ye catterwauling Tribe each night,
Disturb their slumber, wake 'em quite :
Your base and treble pipes prepare,
And harrow up their souls with fear.

A I R.

Strait with bawling !
Squealing, squalling !
Ne'er your hellish music cease :
With eternal
Strains infernal !
Tell 'em they shall have no peace.

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS, *accompanied by the whole Band.*

No peace shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable noise !
Damnable noise !
So let's have a damnable noise.

Da Capo.

SONG LXIV.

SWEET is the little c—t that has no hair on't,
But the soft down upon the skin ;
First you must stroak it,
Then provoke it,
Then you must whip your p—go in,
Into the little c—t that has no hair on't,
But the soft down upon the skin.

I

Sweet's

Sweet's the bonny las that lays upon the grafs,
 With her petticoats up to her chin?
 First you must stroak it,
 Then provoke it,
 Then you must whip your p—go in,
 Into the bonny las that lays upon the grafs,
 With smock and petticoats up to her chin.

S O N G L X V .

Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

A Taylor there was and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his life tasted champaign or claret;
 On high soups or ragouts he never was fed,
 But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.
Derry down, &c.

He follow'd his work without any repining,
 When blest'd with a pint of strong beer for his lining;
 But *Cupid* whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
 With a sempstrefs's bodkin destroy'd his quietus.
Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
 His patterns lay scatter'd, in tatters his measure;
 His bill he contrives not with items to swell,
 Silk, stay-tape and buckram, he damns them to hell.
Derry down, &c.

Then he visits the sempstrefs, with aukward address,
 Protests on his kindness, for her happiness;
 But she scornfully sneer'd at such speeches and wheedle,
 For she, lackaday, was as sharp as a needle.
Derry down, &c.

He told her on honourable terms he was come,
 And begg'd that she'd instantly tell him his doom;
 Unless that she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
 The fate-shears would snip off his remnant of life.
Derry down, &c.

Do you think, says the sempstrefs, I'd take to my
 spoufe,
 One that no man esteems at three skips of a louse;
 Advance in your favour whatever you can,
 A taylor makes but the ninth part of a man.
Derry down, &c.

The taylor persisted in lying, intreating,
 And making such speeches as scarce bear repeating;
 A woman unmarried, was useless he said,
 'Twas just like a needle without any thread.
Derry down, &c.

As she work'd, he commended her fingers so nimble,
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than his.
 Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part, (thimble;
 I don't know how 'twas, but he cabbag'd her heart.
Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together, he
 cry'd,
 For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;
 Tho' to turkies and capons he could not aspire,
 She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.
Derry down, &c.

Then away hand and hand, to the chapel they went,
 Nor appear'd in their faces the least discontent;
 Nought but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd,
 For cross-legg'd together they stich'd till they dy'd.
Derry down, &c.

SONG LXVI.

To its own tune.

ONE night as I lay musing,
 I heard a woman call——
 Stepp'd from bed, and laid my head
 Quite close unto the wall.

I 2

I had

I had not listen'd long,
 Before I heard her cry——
 O lord!—G—d's curse ye!
 Out upon you, fie!

I peeped thro' a crevice,
 Where there I did espy,
 In the next room adjoining to,
 A charming creature lie,
 With her enamour'd swain;——
 O! push,—then she did cry,
 O lord!—G—d's curse ye!——
 Out upon you, fie!

He rous'd her, he touz'd her,
 He laid her legs at large——
 And when that he had made it stand,
 He clapt it to her charge!
 But all that she could cry,
 Was, lord! oh! I shall die!
 Die! die!——
 Out upon you, fie!

O! fie upon you, *Paddy*,
 What a towzer is there!
 For little does my mother think
 That you have got so near:
 But I will call my mother,
 As loud as I can call,
 Mother! mother! one inch further——
 Out upon you, fie!

SONG LXVII.

Intituled, WILKES and LIBERTY.

Tune, The Parson he went to the water-side.

IN Great George, Westminster, there liv'd
 A man of patriot fame,
 And there perhaps he liveth still,
 And J——W——KES is his name.

Tol, dol, lol.
 To

To all the *Scots* he hatred bore,
 Which grew to such a pitch,
 He would not with L— B— shake hands,
 He would not catch the itch.
Tol, dol, lol.

His pen was like a two-edg'd sword,
 His wit was sharp and pat,
 And keen N— B——s he could write,
 But not a word of that.
Tol, dol, lol.

The muckle laird grew wan at this,
 And tried a thousand ways,
 But could not win him to himself,
 As ev'ry *Briton* says.
Tol, dol, lol.

This touch'd his pride—all in the night
 His mirmydons he sent,
 To take the culprit safe in hold,
 He order'd, and they went.
Tol, dol, lol.

The tower then receiv'd the guest,
 But he car'd not a f—ta,
 They soon were glad to let him go,
 By the dint of magna charta.
Tol, dol, lol.

The muckle laird gang'd his gate,
 Alas, he could not stay;
 A cat will mew, as *Shakespeare* says,
 A dog will have his day.
Tol, dol, lol.

Beware, gude laird—for tho' this work
 By others hands is done,
 So bunglingly 'tis brought about,
 We ken 'tis all thine own.
Tol, dol, lol.

God prosper long our noble king,
 And keep us bold and free;
 So quaff the bowl, and let us sing,
 To *Wilkes* and *Liberty*.

S O N G LXVIII.

Tune, *Come Rosalind*.

WHEN, *Delia*, leaning on thy breast,
 What transports of delight I feel!
Arabia's balmy sweets I taste,
 When I thy lips with kisses seal.
 What bliss each tender look bestows!
 What pleasing pangs my bosom swell,
 When to my heart I press thee close,
 And in soft sighs my passion tell!

Say, if the prelude be so sweet,
 What must the full possession prove?
 When *Hymen* makes our joys complete,
 And gives thee to my constant love.
 Then shall I clasp thy latent charms,
 And call the lovely treasures mine;
 Then circled in thy snowy arms,
 Dissolve in ecstacy divine.

S O N G LXIX.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Ass*.

OF freedom no longer let *Englishmen* boast,
 Nor liberty more be their favourite toast;
 The hydra oppression your charter defies,
 And galls *English* necks with the yoke of excise,
The yoke of excise, &c.

In vain have you conquer'd, my brave hearts of oak,
 Your lawrels, your conquests, are all but a joke;

Let

Let a r—f—ly peace serve to open your eyes,
And the d—n—ble scheme of a cyder excise,

A cyder excise, &c.

What though on your *porter* a duty was laid,
Your *light* double-tax'd, and encroach'd on your trade,
Who e'er could have thought that a *Briton* so wise,
Would admit such a tax as the cyder excise.

The cyder excise, &c.

I appeal to the *Fox*, or his friend *John a Boot*,
If tax'd thus the juice, then how soon may the fruit?
Adieu then to good apple-puddings and pies,
If e'er they should taste of a cursed excise.

A cursed excise, &c.

Let those at the H—m, who have fought to enslave
A nation so glorious, a people so brave;
At once be convinc'd that their scheme you despise
And shed your last blood to oppose their excise,

Oppose their excise, &c.

Come on then my lads, who have fought and have bled
A tax may, perhaps, soon be laid on your bread;
Ye natives of *Worc'ster* and *Devon* arise,
And strike at the root of the cyder excise.

The cyder excise, &c.

No longer let K—s at the H—m of the St—e,
With fleecing and grinding pursue *Britain's* fate;
Let power no longer your wishes disguise,
But off with their heads—by the way of excise,

The way of excise, &c.

From two *latin* words, *ex* and *scindo*, I ween,
Came the hard word *excise*, which to cut off does mean,
Take the hint then, my lads, let your freedom advise,
And give them a taste of their fav'rite excise,

Their fav'rite excise, &c.

Then toss off your bumbers, my lads, while you may,
To *PITT* and *LORD TEMPLE*, huzza, boys, huzza!

Here's

Here's the King that to tax his poor subjects denies,
 But pox o' the schemer that plann'd the excise,
That plann'd the excise, that plann'd the excise,
 But pox o' the schemer that plann'd the excise.

S O N G LXX.

The Way to win her.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Youthful and buxom—such the will of fate;
Dorinda mourn'd, alas! her widow'd state;
 With sighs and tears, in dismal black array'd,
 She all the awful charms of grief display'd;
 Such charms as soon a crowd of lovers drew,
 Who lik'd her person much—and money too;
 But ev'ry art they us'd was all in vain,
 For thus she vow'd she ne'er wou'd wed again.

A I R.

To the Tune of, *Mingotti's minuet.*

Here I swear it,
 Heav'n shall hear it,
 I will ever constant prove,
 To the dearest
 And sincerest,
 To my first and only love.

Leave your wooing,
 Cease pursuing,
 Know my heart was fix'd before;
 All your sighing,
 Swearing, lying,
 Ne'er, oh! ne'er shall win me more.

RE-

R E C I T A T I V E.

A smart young captain came among the rest,
 And in a diff'rent strain his love express'd ;
 Not bowing, sighing, cringing, and all that,
 But hugs and kisses to the bus'ness pat ;
 And while he clasp'd her, strugling, to his breast,
 In jocund vein the widow he address'd.

A I R.

To the Tune of: *Murdoch O Blaney.*

I prithee no more of this old fashion'd folly, ma'm,
 'Tis a sin against nature to waste thus your prime,
 Consider you're youthful, and handsome, and jolly, ma'm,
 If you love pleasure, now now is your time ;
 Come then let's away my dear,
 Make no delay, my dear,
 I see by your eyes that love thinks it no crime,
 By heaven your charms are divine,
 Your lips are like honey I swear,
 If you will consent to be mine,
 You shall not repent it, my dear.

R E C I T A T I V E.

As the dark night yields to approaching day,
 So the blith captain banish'd grief away ;
 No longer sorrow faulter'd on her tongue,
 But with a smile, consenting, thus she sung.

A I R.

To the Tune of, *Nancy Dawson,*

Dear captain, I must needs declare,
 Your jocund manner, pleasing air,
 Have done your bus'ness to a hair,
 And faith I think you clever ;
 With other arts you ne'er had won
 What mirth and humour now have done,
 You've finish'd well what you've begun,
 And I am yours for ever.

WILKES

SONG LXXI.

WILKES and LIBERTY.

To the Tune of, *Gee ho, Dobbin.*

WHEN *scottish* oppression rear'd up its d—n'd head,
 And *old English* liberty almost was dead;
 Brave *Wilkes*, like a true *English* member arose,
 And thunder'd defiance against *England's* foes,
 O sweet liberty! Wilkes and liberty!
 Old English liberty, O!

With truth on his side, the great friend of his cause
 He wrote for the good of his country and laws,
 No pension could buy him—no title or place,
 Could tempt him his country, or self, to debase.
 O sweet liberty! &c.

To daunt him in vain with confinement they try'd
 But, ah! his great soul e'en the *Tower* defy'd;
 "Conduct me, kind Sir (to the jailor he said)
 "Where never *Scotch rebel, or traitor, has laid.*"
 O sweet liberty! &c.

But the jailor knew well it was not in his power,
 To find such a place any where in the *Tower*;
 So begg'd, if he could, he'd the lodging think well on,
 Although it smelt strongly of *Scotch* and *rebellion.*
 O brave liberty! &c.

The friend of his cause, noble *Temple* appear'd
 (Brave *Temple*, by each *English* bosom rever'd)
 But such was their power—or rather their spite,
 That his lordship of *Wilkes* could not gain the least fight;
 O poor liberty! &c.

One

One would think then by this, and indeed with some reason,

That poor colonel *Wilkes* had been guilty of treason,
For sure such *good* people as now are in power,
Would ne'er send an innocent man to the *Tower*.

O poor liberty ! &c.

To *Westminster* then they the traitor convey'd,
The traitor ! what traitor ? why *Wilkes*, as they said,
But when he came there, they were all in a pother,
And look'd, like a parcel of fools, at each other.

O poor liberty ! &c.

Then back to the *Tower* they whirl'd him along,
Midst the shouts and applause of a well-judging throng,
While the dupes of oppression debated, I trow, sir,
Most wisely in private on what they shou'd do, sir.

O poor liberty ! &c.

Three days had elaps'd when to *Westminster hall*,
They brought him again, 'midst the plaudits of all ;
When *wisdom* and *Pratt* soon decided the case,
And *Wilkes* was discharg'd without guilt or disgrace,

O brave liberty ! &c.

Triumphant they bore him along thro' the crowd,
From true *English* voices joy eccho'd aloud :
A fig then for *Sawney*, his malice is vain,
We have *Wilkes*—aye and *Wilkes* has his freedom again.

O brave liberty ! Wilkes and liberty !

Old English Liberty, O !

S O N G LXXII.

S O M E T H I N G N E W .

Tune, *Lochaber*.

A MONG all the arts which to please we pursue,
Our surest success still attends on what's new,
'Tis

'Tis novelty pleases alike one and all,
 From the high to the low, the great and the small;
 To your services bound, to your pleasures still true,
 We humbly must offer you something that's new.

To obtain this great point, tho' often we try,
 Our flower drest sonnets soon languish and die;
 The soft arts of love, and the heroes due praise,
 Have long been worn out, and unfit for our lays,
 Yet still as your pleasure is all we've in view,
 What we offer at present, we hope will be new.

Ye wits and ye critics, ye belles and ye beaux,
 Ye lovers of wine, and ye lovers of cloaths;
 Ye lovers of women, of tattle, and wit,
 To each, and to all, our song is now writ;
 To please all alike we endeavour to do,
 And that you'll agree will be new, very new.

When the wits cease to censure the unthinking age,
 When critics in praise of the moderns engage,
 When fops cease admiring their dress and their parts,
 When belles cease their ogling and angling for hearts,
 When the toper his bottle shall cease to pursue,
 You all will agree this is new, very new.

When gamesters grow honest, and quit cards and dice,
 When prudes shall cease calling of wenching a vice,
 When tatlers shall cease at each other to rail,
 And truth, honest truth, shall o'er scandal prevail;
 When all married folks, to each other are true,
 You will readily cry, this is new, very new.

When the laughter shall cease to be pleas'd with a joke,
 When the courage of braggarts shall cease to be smother'd,
 When misers forget their old hoards to encrease,
 When party and rage, thro' the nation shall cease,
 When all this shall happen, I doubt not but you,
 Will strait clap your hands, and allow this is new.

SONG LXXIII.

SOMETHING NEW.

Tune of, London *Cries*.

YE belles and beaux, attend my song,
 I'll tell you something new;
 Perhaps you'll smile, and think me wrong,
 Tho' strange you'll find it true:
 In days of yore, historians say,
 'Twas wisdom bore the prize;
 But modern times have chang'd the lay,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Let no grave cynic take offence,
 And think me too unkind;
 All boast of wisdom's but pretence,
 Our passions make us blind:
 Observe at church the learned priest,
 He bids you temp'rance prize;
 Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Ere mis's full fifteen years has run,
 She sighs, and thinks of love;
 And tho' she's sure to be undone,
 She will the passion prove:
 Says sage mamma to pert mis's *Prue*,
 Be chastity your prize;
 But mis's declares, when men pursue,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,
 Once taught in heathen schools;
 Let me believe, I tell you true,
 The ancients were but fools:
 Thro' life's stream we glide along,
 We different passions prize:
 Let not be the burthen of my song,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

K

SONG

S O N G LXXIV.

The Choice Spirits Lottery.

To the Tune of, *The Big-belly'd Bottle.*

YE national schemers a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive;
No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No *Hazards* your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good-humour'd, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue,
To a people who always give *Bacchus* his due;
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain;
'Tis wine gives us wit and enobles our sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
The lover despises his mistresses charms;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the wine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown;
Apollo and *Bacchus* here jointly agree,
To take off the hyp and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of *Plutus* who values his pelf,
To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself;
Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank, here you are sure of a prize.

Ye

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whatever may please,
 Leave your fighting and care, here you'll quickly find ease;
 Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
 This evening we draw fir, at—*Comus's*-hall.

SONG LXXV.

The CONTEST.

(*A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.*)

A Statesman and a doctor,
 A justice and a proctor,
 Four creatures now in being,
 To plunder all agreeing :
 And very much in vogue.
 One ev'ning very late, fir,
 Had got in high debate, fir,
 And were at doubtful strife, fir,
 Who led the happiest life, fir,
 And was the greatest rogue.

With countenance most meagre,
 On disputation eager,
 With cane up to his nose, fir,
 The doctor first arose, fir,
 And thus the flame revives :
 When patients say they're worse, fir,
 I feel their pulse and purse, fir,
 And then with launce and pill, fir,
 I make dispatch to kill, fir,
 And cheat 'em of their lives.

The lawyer talk'd like fury,
 And said, he'd call a jury,
 And then they soon would find, fir,
 He cheated all mankind, fir,
 And led a life of ease :

With pleas and replications,
 Long briefs, and declarations,
 He had for many years, fir,
 Set people by the ears, fir,
 And gull'd 'em of their fees.

The statesman in a passion,
 A man of rank and fashion,
 G——d——me, loudly thunder'd,
 I'll bett you one cool hundred,
 I greater proofs can bring :
 With taxes and conventions,
 With sinecures and pensions,
 With having gain'd a seat, fir,
 In parliament, I cheat, fir.
 My country and my king.



Then up the justice started,
 And thus his mind imparted,
 'Tis I'm the greatest knave, fir,
 More skill than all I have, fir,
 And mine's the better trade :
 For with my brave thieftaker,
 I cheat you, and your maker
 By swearing black is white, fir,
 I prove that wrong is right, fir,
 You swing, and we are paid.

But while these rogues were raving,
 And one another braving
 The candle strait burnt blue, fir,
 Old *Nick* appear'd in view, fir,
 Which caus'd a horrid smell :
 And quickly in a crack, fir,
 Clap'd all four on his back, fir,
 Then soon was out of sight, fir,
 And with 'em that same night, fir,
 He got safe into hell.

SONG LXXVI.

A M E D L E Y.

Tune, *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

AS at length on her back *Jenny Cods* was reclin'd,
 Her lover came up and caught her in the mind;
 He view'd her good posture, and with graceful air,
 In song he thus address'd the tempting, sweet fair.—
Derry down, down, &c.

Tune, *Cease your funning.*

Charming creature!
 Ev'ry feature
 Of that beauteous face combine
 To my ruin,
 Or undoing,
 If I cannot make you mine :
 Then, dear creature,
 Let thy nature
 With that loving face agree;
 Pray condescend
 One kiss to lend,
 So I'll ever happy be.

DUET.—Tune, *Washington's minuet.*

Jenny Cods,
 What's the odds?
 But, my dear, I hump your
 On this dining table,
 With two chairs t'enable,—
 I will strive to please you.

He. Do not bawl,

She. Faith I shall,

He. Indeed you shan't, my deary.

She. It is my desire,

That you do retire,
 Or the maids will hear you.

O! how you teaze me——
 Can't you be easy?
 Lud I'll squeak, my back you'll break,
 Pray now give over:
 Tho' you are a rover,
 You shall be my lover;
 My word I will never break.
He. Do not bawl, &c.

He. O my dear,
 Do not fear,
 No one yet has heard you:——
 Give to me the pleasure,
 To enjoy your treasure,
 I from harm will guard you.
 Pray, consent,
 Come, relent,
 The time's so apropos;
 This critical minute
 Do not lose, but win it,
 Consent, my deary, do.

She. 'Tis all a folly;
 I'll call up *Molly*:
 Lud my dear, I can't bear!
 What are you doing?
 I feel my heart panting!
 I am just a fainting!
 Fear you'll prove my ruin.
He. O my dear, &c.

SONG LXXVII.

The MOUSE's TAIL.

JACK and his master a wager laid,
 Of threescore shillings and ten;
 Which of them had the longest p—,
 The wager was to win.

They

They measur'd the length, and also the breadth,
And they measur'd them about,
But *Jack* he did his master beat
By four inches and the snout.

The maid she went behind the barn door,
For which she was much to blame;
And when she saw the wager won,
She run and told her dame.

The old woman went behind the barn door,
To do as she was wont,
And stooping down occasionally,
A mouse jump'd into her c—.

The old woman cry'd out to the old man,
As loud as she could cry,
“There's a mouse crept into my belly,
“And without your help I die.”

The old man he laid her on a sack,
As oft he had done before;
But could not touch the mouse's tail,
By four inches and more.

The old man cry'd out to his man *Jack*,
As loud as he could cry,
“Here's a mouse crept into my dame's belly,
“And without your help she'll die.”

“Without you double my wages, quoth *Jack*,
“Without you double my price;
“Without you double my wages, quoth he,
“My p— shall hunt no mice.

“I will double thy wages, quoth the old man,
“And give thee a hat and a coat,
“And for to buy a button and loop,
“My dame shall give thee a groat.”

“Then work it away, my bonny boy *Jack*,
“For thou needest not to fail:”—

" A little further, *Jack*, she said,
 " And you'll touch the mouse's tail!

" Then work it away, my bonny boy *Jack*,
 " For thou needest not to doubt:—
 " A little farther, *Jack*, she cry'd,
 " And you'll turn the mouse about!

The old man stood upon the barn floor,
 With the beefom in his hand,
 To knock the mouse all on the head,
 As soon as it should land.

Come all you merry maids of *Connaught*,
 If you will me believe,
 When the old woman she had got enough,
 She let the mouse out of her sleeve.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Mickle ado about Nothing.

A S C O T S S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Hooley and fairly.*

JOCKEY was blithsome, and *Jenny* was gaily,
 He courted the lassie bath nightly and daily,
 But, ah! the poor girl she grew something uneasy,
 Because that he wanted to rifle her daizey;

Rifle her daizey.

Rifle her daizey.

Because that he wanted to rifle her daizey.

Quoth she, maister *Jock*, gin ye mean me to marry,
 Pray what reason is there that thus you shou'd tarry;
 Ha patience, quoth *Jockey*, and mak yoursel easy,
 I nathing e'er meant but to rifle your daizey:

Rifle your daizey, &c.

Enrag'd.

Enrag'd, quoth the lafs, ye may gang to the deel, fir,
 Unless to Mefs *John* and the kirk you appeal, fir;
 Hoot lassie, quoth he, I'll na vex ye, nor teize ye,
 What harm would it be now to rifle your daizey?

Rifle your daizey, &c.

Quoth he, let me touch but the delicate floweret,
 Ye may be sure that I will not devour it;
 No, no, ye false loon, may the deel himsel seize ye
 You never, no never, shall rifle my daizey;

Rifle my daizey, &c.

What never! quoth *Jockey*, and sprang to the charmer,
 With kissing and pressing he soon gan to warm her,
 Thus fainting she cry'd, O *Jock*, can it please ye?
 By force thus to touch, or to rifle my daizey;

Rifle my daizey, &c.

The hard-hearted loon, notwithstanding her fainting,
 Her sighing, entreating, her struggling and panting,
 Press'd on to the prize, just as if he was crazy,
 Got into her garden, and rifled her daizey.

Rifled her daizey, &c.

He soon quench'd the flame of his amorous passion,
 While she grew more fond to indulge inclination;
 But ah the poor shepherd was waxen so lazy,
 That he found no desire to rifle her daizey.

Rifle her daizey,

Rifle her daizey,

That he found no desire to rifle her daizey.

S O N G LXXIX.

MY charming *Sylvia* see
 Of what I am possess'd;
 Somewhat above your knee,
 And yet below your breast.

Oh! let me enter in
 That lovely tender part,
 'Tis beneath your chin,
 I mean my *Sylvia's* heart.

And

And if that be too high.
 An humbler fate I'll meet,
 Permit me then to lie,
 Beneath my *Sylvia's* feet.

S O N G LXXX.

The good old Way the best.

Tune, *There was an old Woman I tell ye.*

Y^E buxom lads and lasses,
 That carry some glee in your faces,
 Come listen to me,
 And you all will agree,
 That *Swiving* each pleasure surpasses.

The tools of reformation,
 Cry out against this passion,
 And shun the *four stars*,
 For the sake of an *a—se*:
 —It's a damnable *retro-gradation*.

But, O! when once the're caught, fir,
 And into the pillory got, fir,
 They snivel for fear,
 Lest attack'd in the *rear*,
 Their *A—ses* should soon go to pot, fir.

'Tis odd these pious people,
 (For which they must surely sleep ill)
 Should leave the poor *church*
 In so woeful a lurch,
 And chuse to *beshit* the *steeple*.

For, ah! the church, our mother,
 Commands each pious brother,
 His seed to increase,
 In plenty and peace,
 With woman, it means, but no other.

Confusion then to those, fir,
 Who nature's law oppose, fir,
 May ev'ry disease,
 On their privities cease,
 Till they sink to the devil below, fir.

S O N G LXXXI.

A W E L C H D I T T Y .

To the Tune, *Of a noble race was Skenkin.*

COT blefs hur nople K—g, fir,
 And make hur great and wiser,
 Or else hur foes
 Will pite hur nose,
 And pluck out poth hur eyes, fir.

O gife hur wisdom plenty,
 To save the land from ruin,
 To baffle what
 The *French* and *Scot*
 Are now together prewing.

The tesse take 'em both, fir,
 For *England's* petter thriving ;
 And throw hur net,
 Just now they fit
 Poor *England's* fate contriving.

Cot ples her nople Tuke, fir,
 A man of might and mettle ;
 Hur made 'em skip,
 And dance and leap,
 Like tumplings in a kettle.

May hur with sword and musquet,
 Support the nation's glory,
 And drive again,
 The scabby train,
 Who now above us soar high.

There's

There's *Ned* of *York*, his nefew,
 An honest poy, hur'l warrant,
 Who hates the *Scotch*,
 And loves a notch,
 And heaven fend hur store on't.

Cot pless hur nople Q—n too,
 And eke hur handsome face,
 But out upon
 The ficked rogue,
 That wrote apout hur a—.

SONG LXXXII.

The ASSEMBLY of the GODS.

To the Tune of, *Push about the brisk bowl.*

BY an edict from *Jove*, all the deities met,
 On the top of *Olympus* one day,
 To consult the true means that wou'd pleasure beget,
 And the bliss strait to mortals convey, convey.
And the bliss strait to mortals convey.

Great *Juno* urg'd power and wealth as the thing
 The surest to please human kind ;
 That splendor, and empire, a scepter, a king,
 Was all that e'er fancy could find, could find,
Was all, &c.

But sweet smiling *Venus*, the queen of soft love,
 Dissented from *Juno's* high plan,
 And said she was certain that beauty wou'd prove
 The gratefulest gift unto man, to man,
The gratefulest gift, &c.

Then *Pallas* appear'd with her lance and her shield
 And beauty she said was a toy,
 That wisdom alone would true happiness yield,
 That wisdom alone cou'd ne'er cloy, ne'er cloy,
That wisdom alone, &c.

Apoll

Apollo said harmony only could please,
 That music the charm had alone ;
 To allay ev'ry sorrow, to soften, to ease,
 Beyond beauty, or wit, or a crown, a crown,
Beyond beauty, or wit, &c.

Stern *Mars* was for slaughter, and glory he said,
 Was all that the soul could desire ;
 The shrill sounding trumpet and laurel wreath'd head,
 Was a greatness the world must admire, admire.
Was a greatness, &c.

Next *Momus* approach'd with sarcastical grin,
 And jeering his council address'd,
 If laughing your deities deem not a sin,
 I'm sure it would please 'em the best, the best.
I'm sure it would please, &c.

Now reeling young *Bacchus* appear'd with a bowl,
 And begg'd of the court this request,
 To taste but his liquor,—and swore by his soul,
 That wine wou'd please mortals the best, the best.
That wine wou'd please, &c.

The gods all consented and took a large sup,
 And own'd the most pleasure in wine,
Jove gave his command, and the council broke up,
 And *Bacchus* came down with the vine, the vine.
And Bacchus came down, &c.

In wine is compriz'd every joy that we share,
 'Tis a friend to wit, wisdom, and love,
 It heightens the fancy, it banishes care,
 'Tis a type of the blessings above, above.
'Tis a type, &c.

Then circle the glass, and in chorus let's join,
 To *Bacchus* our voices we'll raise ;
 To *Bacchus* who planted the grape bearing vine,
 To *Bacchus* is due all our praise, our praise,
To Bacchus is due, &c.

L

Hail

Hail ruddy fac'd god ! our vines still protect,
 And thus we'll your bounty repay,
 With hearts, hands, and bumpers,—in ev'ry respect,
 To *Bacchus* we'll loudly huzza ! huzza !
 To *Bacchus* we'll loudly huzza !

S O N G LXXXIII.

The celebrated Dutch and German DIALOGUE, between Mynheer Eupharson and Mynheer Vanlawken.

AS I vas go by de tirteen cantons, dat is de place vere de vas fell de alomote peef, who shoud pe stand at de doors, but Mynheer *Vanlawken* and Mynheer *Vandyson*. Zo, Mynheer *Vanlawken* vas say to me, vat is de matter you nefer vas go down to de Veen's-head, at *Yealsea*, to play de game at de *Dutch* rober's. Zo, I say to him, I never vas go dere, but I vill go some time or anoders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, come now, and pring your vifes along vid you. Zo I say to him, fair, I vas got ne'er a vife's. Zo he say to me, den I suppose you keep a fauker-womans—yes, fair, says I—I vas keep a fauker-womans to be sure, fair. Zo den he zay to me, vel, vel, pring your fauker-womans along vid you. Zo I go into *Newkner's-lane*, I fesh mine fauker-womans, and away ve vas go to de Veen's-head, at *Yealsea*, yest py his majesty's bon-house. Ven ve vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer *Vanlawken*, Mynheer *Vandyson*, and his vifes, and his vife's broders, and Mynheer *Hoofsnicken*, and his fauders and moders. Zo Mynheer *Vanlawken* he vas say to me, fair, I vill play vid you at de *Dutch* robbers for any monie. Zo away ve vas go at it, and vile he vas look ofer de vall at de younk fauker-womens, as vas to go py—py got, fair, I vas tipp all nine, four I push down mid de powl and five mid de doter hand:—Hey vat de divils ish de matter now? Vat you tipe all nine? says Mynheer *Vanlawken*:—Yes, fair, says I—I vas tip all nine:—by got dat vas not fair, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*:—yes, fair, says I, dat vas very fair.

fair. Vell, vell, fays Mynheer *Vanflawken*, I cou'd not fee, I had not eyes in mine aurfe. Zo den he fay, he vou'd play anoder games along mid me. Zo I play anoder games—and anoder, and anoder, by got I vas beat him every one. Zo he faid, he voud play no more games, but voud go into de room behind de bar, and hafe a tankard of de fhmilt beers and baper de fhmoift tobacco. Zo in de mean vile, my fauker-vomans vas in de bar, along mid de vomans of de houle, and madam *Vanflawken*. Zo de voman's of de houle, vas fay to mine fauker-woman—madam vile you please to come and fhit down by me. Zo my fauker-woman vas fhit down by de vomans of de houle, and de vomans of de houle vas fhit down by mine fauker-womans. Zo de voman of de houle she fay to madam *Vanflawken*, and mine fauker-woman, ladies, vill you have a trop of a trams. Zo by got, they drink five or fix drams a piece, dey vas very foper vomens to be fure. Zo in de mean vile mynnheer *Vanflawken* vas tumble into a great difpute, about vifh vas de greateft man's, de El—or of *H-n-r*, or de St——er. Zo as I vas come from *H——r* minefelfs, I zay de E—l—r of *H—n—r* vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer *Vanflawken*, fay, plhaw, plhaw, de E——r of *H—n—r*, is no more as a foolifh yong voman's, dat vas make me mad as de devils. Zo I fay, by Got he is no more as foolifh yong boy, fo you vas a liar for dat, den up he vas come to me, and gife me a divelifh dump of de eye. Zo den I go up to him, and gif him anoder dump. Zo den he come up to me and gife me a dump of de yeek, den I gife anoder dump of de yeek, away den we go to it, dare vas dump for dump, and plump for plump, till Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas got me down on de floor. Zo as I vas lye down on de floor, vat muft I do den, Mynheer vas a great tall grofs man's come fau, and I vas a little spare man's come fau. So by got, a commical thought vas come into mine head, dat I vou'd bite de *Dufhman's* nofe. Zo by Got I turn about, and I bite his nofe troo and troo.—Donder and Blacfen fay Mynheer, vat is you pite a man's

nose—No fair, said I, I did not pite your nose. By Got, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*, you vas a tammd lyar, if you say you was not pite my nose. Zo I say, indeed fair, I did not. Donder and Blackfen you lie you dief, only fee now yentlemens, how it vas hang dingle dangle, one way and de oter by a litel bit of skin. Zo den all de yentlemens say, it vas a damt shame dat one man shoud pite anoder mans nose. Zo one yentlemans vas come and gife me a dump, and another came and gife me a dump, by got dey ge me ten hundred toufand dumps, and kic'k me out of de company. Zo as I vas go down stairs, I zay murder ! murder ! Zo who shou'd come up but an *Englishman's*, as I vas know ferry vell. Zo I say to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer *Vanlawken* says, I hafe pite his nose—O G—t d—m his plood says de *Englishman*, tell him he pit his nose his own self, by Got I tought it vas very comical, dat a man shou'd pite his own nose : however I know de *Englishmans* vas very good at de dumps, and de plumps, he vas bete nine or ten *Dushman's* presently ; I vas run in, dere ! dere ! says I, Mynheer *Vanlawken*, you vas a black-guard, you vas a scoundrel and a diefsman, you say I vas pite your nose, by Got fair, you pite your own nose your own selves.—Got tam mine ploods yentlemens, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*, here is a black-guard, here is a scoundrel !—Now yentlemens, I vill be gug'd by ye, veder it is possible a man's can pite his own nose his own selves. Zo all de yentlemen say no to be sure—But Mynheer *Hoofsnecken* a very grave vise mans vas shiting by de firefide, drinking his tankard of de smelt peer and smoaking his pipe of de smoisht tobago. Yentlemens saye he, noding is impossible mid Got—if Got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves. Zo den all de yentlemen vas fall aboard de great fat *Dushman*, and give him ten hundred doufand dumps for pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon anoder mans. But in de mean vile, who shoud come in but Mynheer *Vondondermans*, de comical *Dushman's*, by got he was a comical mars, so comical, he make you skite your
bro-

brogenbrooks, he vas come in, O yentlemens, yentlemens, says he, vat is de reason of de damt noise and botterations. Come, come, shut down, says he, I vill giff you a pit of a dutch song. Zo den dey all call silence, for Mynheer *Vandondermans* song, and Mynheer *Vandondermans*, he vas begin.

Yonk coop macarmus
My moifnet haven con gelt,
Eftsoon ye vel macarma scope ;
Myre gelt is out o' mine sack alofe,
Yonk coop macarmus,
My moifnet hav'en con gelt.

SONG LXXXIV.

The FEMALE BARBERS: A TALE.

ASSIST me, muse, while I relate
A most uncommon arch debate,
Between some ladies, all of fashion,
Which caus'd the town great consternation.
But for the dames it happens well,
Their names nor you nor I can tell.

The affair, for let the truth be spoke,
Was hinted first by way of joke ;
The matter this, in a meer jest,
To see which of them had *The best*.
That same which they had heard the men
Toast o'er and o'er, and o'er again.
Her's promis'd best, they all agreed,
Who'd got most hair upon her head.
Then being resolv'd the truth to know,
They, one and all, agreed to *shew*.
And so they did. But well. What then ?
They did not *shew* before the men.
With them their modesty goes farther,
They hardly let them see a garter.
Each *digitist* cry'd out, look there !
But so much fell to one dame's share,
She beat them all beyond compare.

She shew'd so much, that nought is truer,
Fam'd *Berenice* had nothing to her.

The vanquish'd females first admir'd;
But soon with jealous envy fir'd,
Upon her back the victor flung,
But what they did no modest tongue
May tell. Howe'er 'tis not deny'd
They robb'd her of her boasted pride.

So *Sampson* was of old disgraced,
And lost his strength. She, tho' defaced,
Being by odds the better christian,
Could bravely dare the mighty *Philistine*.

Not less the theft when sons of *Greece*
From *Colchis* stole the *Golden Fleece*.
(*A Fleece!* The proverb says, "thou fool,
"To the goat's house go seek for wool.")
Yet *Jason* sure had more to brag on,
For here we find no watchful dragon;
But one absorb'd in priestly ease,
Who slept, 'tis said, a dozen days;
Nor once assum'd *Hans Carvel's* ring,
Nor ever dreamt of such a thing.
The merry *Greeks* then stole his treasure,
The *best in Europe* beyond measure.

Twelve times the friendly lamp of night
Had shed around her pallid light,
Guiding the lover to his fair,
Ere he had miss'd a single hair.
Whether, adopting *Shandy's* notions,
The clock directed all his motions;
Or whether 'twas in time of *Lent*,
A season erst in fasting spent;
Or had been hurt, for it might so be,
And could not like my uncle *Toby*,
Or did not chuse, which is more worse,
To make his wife his *hobby-horse*.
'Tis certain near a fortnight's space,
He never knew his wife's disgrace.

He then exclaim'd, Why!—How, my dear?
 Hey! who the devil has been here?
 Say how this came? I'll do you reason,
Defacing's death as well as treason.

The wife in tears confess'd her tale,
 And did the *naked truth* reveal.
 He stood aghast, his voice thus falter'd,
 Good gods! my dear, how you are alter'd!
 And cry'd, *O! Why could they not seize*
Hairs, any other hairs but these?
 Then turn'd about, as if alone,
 And nothing did but tofs and moan;
 For tho' his wife he sometimes solac'd,
 He did not care to do it *barefac'd*.

Then soon as morn began to shine,
 He hastened to a sage divine,
 Well skill'd in matrimonial laws,
 In order to propose his cause.
 He told his story in a raving,
 Talk'd of his wife—her hair—and shaving;
 And vow'd he'd have full reparation,
 If justice lay within the nation.
 But begg'd he would, the case being nice,
 Most candidly give his advice.

The high-priest gravely heard the case,
 And looking archly in his face,
 Reply'd, I'd have you drop this stir,
 For on yourself rests all the slur.
 A fortnight pass ere find the grievance!
 Your case, sir, merits no relievance.
 Thou sluggard *Levite*, does it suit you
 Such palpable neglect of duty?
 The text is, as we churchmen say,
 As well to *watch*, as fast and pray.
 'Tis not in such things that one can do
 Their business, *Fabius-like, cunctando*.
 Besides the learn'd and pious *Sherlock*
 Advises, take time by the forelock.

And

And tho' you're somewhat late at present,
 The thing in time will grow more decent;
 For bottoms moist and warm furpafs
 All other meads for *after-grafs*.
 Then wait a while—for you have patience,
 And guard your charge from new invasions.
 Return, and lay aside all care,
 She'll ne'er be worse one fingle hair.

S O N G LXXXV.

A D U E T T.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast;
 Say soft confusion, art thou love!
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G LXXXVI.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 behold;
 The larks early maddin proclaims the new day,
 And the horns chearful summons rebukes our delay.
*With the sports of the field, there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.*

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court:
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports, &c..

Mankind

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often like us they're flung out with disgrace,
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, while the foldier hunts fame,
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask, is the blessings of health ;
 With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.
*With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.*

SONG LXXXVII.

ONCE the Gods of the *Greeks*, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
 Merry *Momus* amongst them was fat as a guest,
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.

On each in the synod the humorist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon *Jove*.

"Sire ! *Atlas*, who long has the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tired of late ;
 "He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 "So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

Jove knowing the earth on *Atlas* was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter *Attraction* the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in her hall.

Mifs,

And tho' you're somewhat late at present,
 The thing in time will grow more decent;
 For bottoms moist and warm furpass
 All other meads for *after-grass*.
 Then wait a while—for you have patience,
 And guard your charge from new invasions.
 Return, and lay aside all care,
 She'll ne'er be worse one single hair.

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 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter *Attraction* the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in her hall.

Mifs,

Miss, pleas'd with the plaything, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth :

With silver, gold, jewels, she *India* endow'd ;
France and *Spain* she taught vineyards to rear :
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of liberty 'gan for to smile,
 And *Englishmen* fed on the fruit :

Thus fed, and thus bred from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n ;
 We will while we've breath ; nay we'll grasp it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SOME courtly youth whom love inspires,
 May sing of love and soft desires,
 Or string *Apollo's* tuneful lyre,
 To move in melting strain :
 But I *Parnassus* ne'er have seen,
 The God of love or *Cyprian* queen,
 I know not what those fancies mean,
 A poor and homely swain.

A I R.

I know that I went to the fair,
 The miller's daughter *Moll* was there,
 Her beauty made me gape and stare,
 A woeful fight for *John*.

I fell in love upon the place,
 I told her my unhappy case,
 Yet still she turn'd away her face,
 And bid me get me gone.

My heart went bumping in my breast,
 It broke a score of ribs at least ;
 The live long day I take no rest,
 Nor close my eyes at night.

I am so bad at times that I,
 For aught I know may come to die ;
 If she keeps on her cruelty,
 I am in doleful plight.

S O N G LXXXIX.
 W O N D E R F U L S O N G .

Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

THERE was an old man, and that's not uncommon,
 But if they say true, he was born of a woman ;
 And tho' quite incredible, I have been told
 He was rock'd in his cradle, but age made him old.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry, he still wanted meat,
 And if he cou'd get it, was certain to eat ;
 When thirsty he'd drink, if you'd give him a pot,
 But his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.
Derry down, &c.

He seldom or ever cou'd see without sight,
 And yet I've heard say, he cou'd hear at dark night ;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
 Sometimes found asleep as he lay in his bed.
Derry down, &c.

His face was the strangest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was quite clean ;
 And he shew'd all his teeth if he happen'd to grin,
 For his mouth it was plac'd between nose and chin.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas

'Twas observ'd that his tongue ne'er lay still as he talk'd,
 Tho' he mov'd both his legs and his feet when he walk'd;
 Then his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd burst,
 For one leg or other would always be first.

Derry down, &c.

When this whimsical piece, had a river to cross,
 If he cou'd not get over, he staid where he was;
 And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet was always so lucky as ne'er to be drown'd.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

S O N G X C.

O Cruel maid, thy scorn forbear,
 Nor thus my tender bosom tear,
 With agonising smart;
 My soft complainings hear,
 Behold the falling tear!
 Ah! judge what anguish rends the heart:
 Come, God of Love assert thy sway,
 And make the fair thy laws obey;
 'Till soft relenting,
 And kind consenting,
 Ease the raging pain
 I feel from her disdain.

S O N G X C I.

B E T S E Y.

WHILE each love-sick scribler to dress up the fair,
 Will run for a garland the Devil knows where!
 Of her mind and her person they tell us such lies,
 That you think her a goddess just dropt from the skies.

Derry down, down, down, hey derry down.

Tho' satire I mean not, such praise I detest,
 Yet my fair shall be sung of as well as the rest,

And

And while with my pen fairest truth goes along,
I doubt not but *Betsy* will list to my song.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' her eyes are not light'ning to set us on fire,
Yet their beams are as bright as a man can desire;
Tho' nor lillies nor roses her cheeks overspread,
What's better, there's true flesh and blood, white and red.

Derry down, &c.

Her person's majestic, yet easy withal,
Not so strait as a cedar, nor nothing so tall;
To say that with *Venus* she vies for her air,
Since I never saw *Venus*, I cannot declare,

Derry down, &c.

Her wit is still just in what witty should be,
Good sense goes in hand with the smart repartee;
Not prudishly squeamish, nor wantonly gay,
Yet charming and brisk as the birds are in *May*.

Derry down, &c.

To sum up the whole, you may search the world
round,
A nymph more compleat there can never be found:
Then cease, ye vain scribblers, your flattering lays,
For *Betsy* alone is the subject of praise.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

S O N G X C II.

AS *Chloe* and I last midsummer day,
Together tripp'd over the plain;
In leaping the stile I saw something so gay,
I wish'd I had seen it again.

I wish'd, &c.

When both were got over, my mind I made known,
She languishing look'd, and cry'd—swain,

M

Whatever

'T'wixt you saw, then she feigned a frown,
 Thou never shall see it again.

T' You never, &c,
 F

My longing, the further I went, grew more keen,
 So I struggled, and *Chloe* cry'd—swain;
 Nay fie, *Damon*, fie, tho' by chance you have seen,
 You never shall see it again.
You never, &c.

At length I o'ercame her, and on the green grass,
 She lay like a lamb to be slain;
 The fall threw the cloaths o'er the face of the lass,
 And then I beheld it again.
And then, &c.

But guess, ye young shepherds, how vast my surprize,
 When it was discover'd so plain;
 I look'd, and I long'd, and I blest mine eyes,
 And was pleas'd I had seen it again.
And was pleas'd, &c.

What afterwards happen'd, I never shall tell,
 But *Chloe*, dear *Chloe*, cry'd—swain,
 I vow and protest now I love you so well,
 When you like you shall see it again.
When you like, &c.

S O N G X C I I I .

The Roast Beef of Old England.

A C A N T A T A .

*Taken from a celebrated PRINT of the ingenious
 Mr HOGARTH.*

R E C I T A T I V E .

'T'WAS at the gate of *Calais*, *Hogarth* tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 A meagre *Frenchman*, *Madame Grandfire's* cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took :

Bending

Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good father *Dominick* by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his fingers prefs'd,
 He lick'd his chaps and thus the Knight address'd.

A I R.

(*A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed,
 The theme of *English* ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to *Frenchman's* palate :
 Then how much more thy taste doth exceed
 Soup meagre, frogs and fallad.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A half-starv'd foldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen ;
 Like *Garrick's* frighted *Hamlet*, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's melfs forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole,
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! wat do I see yonder.
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?

T. 'Tis 't' be de roast beef from *Londre* ;
 Th. Oh ! grant to me von littel bite.
 T. But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return and let me feast my eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E.

His fellow-guard, of right *Hibernian* clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray ;
 From *Tyburn's* fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread :
 Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd,

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls, runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah ! hard-hearted *Lewy* !

Why did I come to you :
 The gallows more kind, would have sav'd me from
 starving.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Upon the ground hard by poor *Sawney* fat,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddypate ;
 But when Old *England's* bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside,
 With lifted hands, he blest his native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

A I R.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! *Sawney*, is thy lot,
 Who was so blythe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.
 O the beef ! the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down.

Ah ! *Charley* ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
 E'er I had gang'd wi' thee,
O the beef, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But see my muse to *England* takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great *George's* throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
 Tho' *Britains* fame in loftiest strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing,

A I R.

(Roast beef of Old England.)

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he cou'd quickly attain.
O the roast beef of Old England.
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma who stood by like a knowing old dame.
 Cry'd, " Son, to attempt it you're surely too blame."
O the roast beef, &c.

M 3

But

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst,
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
O the roast beef, &c.

Then *Britons* be valiant the moral is clear ;
 The ox is *Old England* ; the frog is *Monfieur* ;
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts, we are able
 To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
 The *French* may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
O the roast beef of Old England.
And O the Old English roast beef,

S O N G XCIV.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HARK ! the horn calls away,
 Come the grave, come the gay,
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high ;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar ;
 Ruddy health bloom'd each face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man make a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chase in full fight,
 Gods, how great the delight,
 How our mortal sensations refine;
 Where is care, where is fear,
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
 Lo! each pants for the joys,
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then, at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

S O N G XCV.

ONCE fair *Tenducci* sung, whilst silent on the stairs
Susannah oft had hung enchanted with his airs;
 So raptur'd was the maid, they thought her mad past cure,
 For all she sung or said, was, he's an angel sure.

John oft had *Susan* woo'd and sigh'd at ev'ry pray'r,
 In vain dear *John* pursu'd, whilst she was light as air:
 So raptur'd was the maid, they thought her mad past cure,
 For all she sung or said, was, he's an angel sure.

Dear *Susan* do but try, and you will soon confess
 The joys in him you find, than what I'll give you less;
 Dear *Susan* do but try, how charming I can play,
 On any strain you'd die, and dying melt away.

Do what you will cry'd she, but see such joys you give,
 Or ne'er pretend to see my face more whilst you live:

John's

John's instrument in tune so willingly comply'd,
Sighs at each pray'r, and soon melted away and dy'd.

Awaken'd from her trance, she ey'd her *John* all o'er,
Perhaps you mean perchance to try my piece encore:
To this thy merry strain, his music's all a farce;
Play't me o'er again, *Tenducci* may kiss my a—.

S O N G XCVI.

A D U E T T.

WHEN *Phæbus* the tops of the trees doth adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn;
When the ant'ling stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
But still we pursue, and now come in view,
Of the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed;
But ah! 'tis in vain, in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose their cries;
For now his strength fails he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented hounds,
Surrounded he dies.

S O N G XCVII.

LET the tempest of war be heard from afar,
While the trumpet's shrill clangour alarms;
Let the vallies around with echoes rebound,
And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood run down in a flood,
While mortals are gasping for breath;
Let the brave if they will, by honour and skill,
Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole and retire is all my desire,
 With my flocks, and my *Chloe* possesst :
 For with them we obtain, true peace without pain,
 And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage or cell where shepherds dwell,
 In innocence, freedom and ease ;
 We lead peaceable lives, who are blest with good wives,
 That study their husbands to please.

What blessings below can heaven bestow,
 Excelling such quiet as this ;
 No affliction come here, no grief interfere,
 To lessen our measure of bliss.

S O N G XCVIII.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 Each helping the other in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them :
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let them have their own humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life and the fuel of love ;
 And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when *Mars* bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;
 Thus giving and taking in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G

S O N G XCIX.

*A SONG in LOVE at first Sight.*Tune, *Daniel Cooper.*

SINCE I the motly garb put on,
 I've serv'd in places twenty;
 To brothel with my lord have gone,
 To church with lady *Dainty*:
 And still for each wou'd pimp and pray,
 Think both by turns my duty;
 In short, to few things would say nay,
 Cou'd I secure a booty.

For this in courts the lawyer pleads,
 The sailor ploughs the ocean;
 For this the soldier bravely bleeds,
 And doctor gives his potion.
 See gilded vice his splendour wear,
 Poor honesty in tatters;
 Then why should I a phantom fear,
 I'll imitate my betters.

S O N G C.

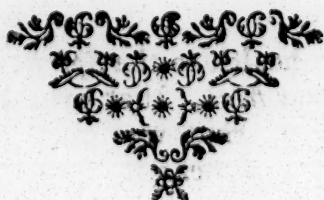
AT *Totterdown* hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still;
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill:
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts;
 One daughter they had and her name it was *Bet*,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe;
 Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her gait;
 And sleek was her skin as a doe:

All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue blue could be 'spy'd ;
 A child wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
 Its mam it had lost and it cry'd.

Young *Bet* was as mild as the mornings of *May*,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest :
 But who do you think she had got for her prize,
 Why Love, the sly master of hearts ;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropt his disguise,
 And shew'd his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but oh ! be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,
 So good, and so kind, have you been my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill :
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find me still ;
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The *Venus* of *Totterdown* hill.



*A Diversion to all PARTY-HEALTHS; or, The
TRUE UNION of HEARTS, by the Wedding-ring of
Adam and Eve. In TWELVE TOASTS.*

First Round.

HERE's a health to the *Thing*, that makes the
Union of Hearts.

Second Round. Here's a health to the *Ring*, that was
made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

Third. Here's a health to the gems that were set to
the *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the
union of hearts.

Fourth. Here's a health to the *Man*, that own'd the
gems that were set to the *Ring*, that was made for the
Thing, that makes the union of hearts.

Fifth. Here's a health to the *Girl*, that lov'd the
Man, that own'd the gems that were set to the *Ring*,
that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union
of hearts.

Sixth. Here's a health to the *Spirit*, that mov'd the
Girl, that lov'd the *Man*, that own'd the gems that
were set to the *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*,
that makes the union of hearts.

Seventh. Here's a health to that *Warmth*, that rais'd
the *Spirit*, that mov'd the *Girl*, that lov'd the *Man*,
that own'd the gems that were set to the *Ring*, that
was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of
hearts.

Eighth.

Eighth. Here's a Health to that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd the *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems, that were fet to the *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

Ninth. Here's a health to that *Grape*, that gave that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd that *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems, that were fet to the *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

Tenth. Here's a health to that *Vine*, that bore that *Grape*, that gave that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd that *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems, that were fet to the *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

Eleventh. Here's a health to the *Earth*, that nourish'd that *Vine*, that bore that *Grape*, that gave that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd the *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems that were fet to that *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

Twelfth. Here's a health to that *Man*, that tilled that *Earth*, that nourish'd that *Vine*, that bore that *Grape*, that gave that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd that *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems, that were fet to that *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

All praise be to heaven, that made that *Man*, that till'd that *Earth*, that nourish'd that *Vine*, that bore that *Grape*, that gave that *Wine*, that rous'd that *Warmth*, that rais'd that *Spirit*, that mov'd that *Girl*, that lov'd that *Man*, that own'd the gems, that were fet to that *Ring*, that was made for the *Thing*, that makes the union of hearts.

The COMPANY KEEPER'S ASSISTANT: A Collection of TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, and HOB NOBS.

First Class.

MAY we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

That virtue may always be amply rewarded.

That candour and honesty may always be our governing principles,

May our conscience be found tho' our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May virtue always prove victorious.

Decent œconomy.

Frugality without meanness.

May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be lov'd by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship always want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

Patience in adversity.

May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness;

bleness ; as subjects, loyal without servility ; and as citizens, free without faction.

Sensibility without inequality, and passions without vehemence.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.

May our virtues be rather the effects of religion, than the gifts of nature.

May we never be influenced by jealousy or governed by interest.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May religion never be a cloak for guilt.

May we never praise any man to undo him.

May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.

May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience to hire.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

May providence unite the hearts that love.

Community, unity, navigation, and trade.

May reason be the pilot where love blows the gale,

Or prudence the cockswain, when love fills the sail.

May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity and hypocrisy.

More friends and no need of them.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

More industry and less vanity to the people.

May we always have a friend and know his value.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

The two strangers at court, (honour and honesty)
Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a
guinea.

The agreeable rubs of life.

The land we live in.

Life to the man who has courage to lose it,

And wealth to him who has spirit to use it. }

Healths, hearts, homes and inclinations.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May all great men be good, and all good men great.

The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.

May the honest heart never know distress.

Unanimity in our councils, women and sc—men
banish'd from the administration.

Health to the members that have the interest of their
country at heart, may the rest be deaf and dumb.

May the honest of all parties unite and triumph over
the knaves of each.

May our judges be honest, our bishops religious, our
statesmen have abilities and integrity.

The little theatre in smock alley, the principal actor,
and the two prompters, every thrust a fort and hey for
hillalee.

May the lovers of c—t enjoy it when they wish, but
always use it well.

Merit to gain a heart, and prudence to keep it.

May poverty never oppress nor riches make us proud.

May the standing man push his argument, and every
falling woman suc—ceed.

May we never be deceiv'd in the man we think honest,
nor slighted by the girl we love.

C—, a cold room and f—— to warm ourselves.

A spiritual move to all heavy ar—d christians.

God bless the king, may his measures correspond with
the hearts of his people.

Extravagancy of the child of wit and fancy, be under
the guardianship of honour.

May *Wilkes* enjoy liberty for making us free.

May

May our life spent in acts of virtue, be finished by a death seasoned with tranquility, and followed by a memory full of honour.

SECOND CLASS; *or, Two Faces under a Hood.*

MAY our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

The magical monosyllable.

Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil.

A good Wife, and a great many of them.

Sweet briars:

Pleasure here, and happiness hereafter.

The losing gamesters.

May mirth and good fellowship, be always in fashion.

The road to a christening.

May he that made the devil take us all.

Success to our ejections in love-lane.

Sun-shine and good humour all the world over

A game at all fours, and whist afterwards.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth and love.

Cupid's pincushion.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

The basin that lathers two beards at once.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

The two friends who weep at parting.

The W's, women, wit, and wine.

The key that lets the man in and the maid out.

May every day be happier than the past,

And every hour merrier than the last.

The grave that buries the living, and casts up the dead.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

May the ladies suc—ceed in all their undertakings.

The spring of love and harvest of enjoyment.

The bird in the hand, and then in the bush.

The bird in the bush, and not in the hand.

The bird in the bush, and two hard by.

Delicate pleasures, to susceptible minds.
 The female arithmetician, who multiplies by subtraction.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good claret.
 Love's pick-lock.

The ruling passion, be what it will,
 The ruling passion governs nature still.

The linen manufacture of *Ireland*.
 The merriest thought we ever thought.

The cock in cover.
 The pleasures of imagination.

The staff of life.
 Those who love pleasure, and contribute to it.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 Provision to the unprovided.

The first cravat we ever wore.
 May we have in our arms, whom we love in our hearts.
Cupid's black game.

The art of making feet for children's stockings.
 The pleasure in pleasing.

The provident maid.
 May we always be blest,
 With what we like best.

Cupid's ring on the middle finger.
 The first game ever played at.

Love after enjoyment.
 All tails but tell-tales.

Pleasure in view but never out of reach.
 Love's avenue.

The nice house-maid. (a)*
 The miraculous pitcher.

The female architect. (b)
 The pleasure we enjoy face to face.

Horses strong, foxes plenty.
 Men stout, and women healthy.

The young female chymist. (c)
 The jolly turf-cutters. (d)

The *Indian* exercise. (e)

A safe voyage to and from Merryland.

A milk-white skin without perfume or smell,

A scarlet — cap turned up with black lapel. }

The wish of the sportsman. (*f*)

The bookbinder's wife. (*g*)

The miller's music. (*h*)

The basket-maker's wife. (*i*)

The lamb-like lads. (*k*)

Up with the linen, down with the claret.

Cupid's campaign.

Breast work.

Battering in breach.

The attack on the cover'd way.

The fair fighter, and he who makes a proper seizure.

May our dying be happy, our revival speedy.

May they never want, who have a spirit to spend.

The sportsman well mounted.

Buckinger's boot. [He had neither legs or arms.]

May *it* please his majesty. [Toasted before the
q—n's arrival]

May *it* please their majesties. [Toasted since the
wedding]

The flesh purse.

May the people of *Ireland* never want a standing
member in *England*, and two friends to back him.

Love's game-bag.

The sure marksman, who can hit a coney amidst a
thousand hares.

The wonderful root, that grows between two stones
in the isle of man.

The rough road to the water-fall.

A condescension to the ladies, and a standing honour
to the gentlemen.

The naked truth.

A dish of fish, (*ie.* a pretty maid, a generous foal,
and a convenient plaise).

The rule of three.

The liberty of the press, and a favourite volume in
sheets.

The

The center of attraction.

A clean avenue to a pleasant country seat.

The thing.

The other thing.

The two things.

The female scalper.

The point of union of two fond hearts.

The civil orange that's rough and juicy.

Long nights and merry tales.

The shrub that flowers monthly, and is in season all the year.

The hot house supported by two ivory pillars.

What we speak least of, think most of, and wish for night and morning.

The merry piper who dies at the end of his jig.

What charms arms and disarms.

The full furr'd female.

The judge of a—size.

The thatched cabin under the hill.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Adam's first thought after he saw *Eve*.

The meat that best bastes itself when it's best spitted.

The fair sex, the fair of *Middlesex*, and the middle of the fair sex.

May we never want courage when put to a shift.

Confusion to him who goes in and out of a night house without spending.

May we please and be pleased:

The nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend ; }

The bird who his life, in that bush loves to spend. }

May we dream of what we like, and enjoy it when we please.

The eye that weeps most when best pleased.

The female œconomist. (*l*)

The upright man, and downright woman.

The *Prussian* exercise. (*m*)

The best of the game. (*n*)

The female robber. (*o*)

The three jolly companions. (*p*)

What

What is lost in the finding. (q)

The county of *Wicklow* style. (r)

The union of two hearts.

The distressed family. (s)

A woman's large and small beauties. (t)

Ligonier's livery.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

The clear rivulet, running thro' the brown bower,
under the beautiful banks of Miss *A's* creek.

The fountain of love in Miss *B's* paradise.

Cupid's spicket and fosslet.

The short blessing

Lost in possessing. }

THIRD CLASS. HOB-NOBS.

LOVE for love.

Love fire and frolick.

Your love for mine, and ours for that of the company.

All we wish, and all we want.

Love and opportunity.

Gaiety and innocence.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Love without fear,

And life without care. }

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Here's you and I,

And no-body by. }

Peace and plenty.

All that gives pleasure.

Your love and mine, and the friends of the company.

Love and friendship.

Health, love, and ready-rino,

To all those whom you and I know. }

May you live long, and I live to see it.

SEN-

S E N T I M E N T S.

1. **M**AY the king of — beat up the quarters of the queen of —, and enter the hole of her dominions
2. The royal arch that G— the 4th, first peep'd his head through.
3. The good ship *Venus*, with a mast in the middle, and a ballast of stones.
4. A twilight bower, and a mossy bed,
A willing wench with a maidenhead.
5. The bloody shriek.
6. Narrow beds, and sprightly bedfellows.
7. The dumb glutton.
8. C— in its flowers like a rabbit smother'd in onions.
9. C— without a cl-p, and claret without a head-ach.
10. Young whores and old wine, alias c—tlings and claret.
11. Rough c—t and jolly a—fe.
12. The hole that makes two a—ses merry.
13. The nick that sets the tail.
14. F—king without fallacy.
15. C— on a fox's back, and the clergy in full cry.
16. Health of body, peace of mind, a clean c— and a guinea.
17. May the lovers of c— never want beef and claret.
18. A union of parts, and a flow of spirits.
19. The stripping of the bark in a maiden forest.
20. The thatch'd cabbin well wattled.
21. Red rough c—, black rolling eyes,
Plump pouting bobbies, milk white thighs.
22. The three C's, c—t, claret and cash.
23. Success to flesh weaving.
24. *Cupid's* cole-hole.
25. The cock that treads his hen, claps his wings, and treads her again.
26. May f—king flourish over the face of the earth.
27. Blood.

27. Bloodshed and battery to all maidenheads.
28. C— in perfection,
P— in erection,
B— in their function,
And all in conjunction.
29. *Cupid's* arrow in *Venus's* quiver.
30. C— and church, and he that can't f— may pray.
31. That which tickles and wets, and what wets
when well tickled.
32. The child of life in the cradle of nature.
33. The centry who keeps at the cockpit command,
And naked at midnight uncover'd will stand.
34. Mutual dissolution.
35. Four hams on one spit.
36. Here's to dying virginity.
37. Equal joy in the critical minute.
38. Success to our ensign the standard of pleasure.
39. The brown female reaper who never leaves a
handful standing.
40. The toper who stands at the door and spews in
the parlour.
41. May vigour assist,
To make the youth blest,
Who dare on the nice opportunity seize;
And may the fair join,
In am'rous design,
And mutual their aim be to mutually please.
42. Love's orange, and the bowl that receives it.
43. *Hans Carvel's* ring: *Prior* makes it c—.
44. *Bathsheba's* cockpit, where *David* stood centry.
45. A high tide, when the pebbles are overflown.
46. Love's ladle in nature's punch-bowl.
47. *Eve's* custom-house, where *Adam* made the first
entry.
48. St *Stephen's* death to all maidenheads.
49. A warm ham with the beard on it.
50. *Shawn-Bwee's* night-cap.
51. The road to a lady's heart.
52. A mountain of a—se, and a forest of hair.



53. Rem in re, or rem in rem.
 54. The plug of love.
 55. Love's grove.
 56. The beggar's benison. — [A thatched cabbie,
 clean straw, and a sound wench; or, that p— and c—
 may never fail you.
 57. A big plump a—fe, and skin that's fair,
 A cherry-lipp'd c— well thatch'd with hair.

EXPLANATION of the SENTIMENTS.

- (a) **W**HO well scours the yard, and keeps the stones
 clean.
 (b) Who the stones can replace, tho' she pulls down
 the steeple.
 (c) Who extracts the essence of life from stones.
 (d) One in the pit, and two on the bank.
 (e) Charging on the back, and firing on the belly.
 (f) Who likes to be well mounted, and is for seizing
 the hair.
 (g) Who best stitches in sheets.
 (h) When the sluice is set open, and the stones fall
 to grinding.
 (i) Who'll strip down the bark, and yet keep the
 wattle safe.
 (k) Who still wags her tail, as she tastes of the teat.
 (l) Who saves what her husband spends.
 (m) Quick mounting and speedy firing, or hedge firing.
 (n) When both sexes rally.
 (o) Who makes you stand and deliver.
 (p) C—, p—, and b—.
 (q) A maidenhead.
 (r) A stake in the middle, and a stone of each side.
 (s) Two stone blind, and one not able to stand.
 (t) A large a—fe, and small c—.

cabbin,
nd c-

ir.

stones

down

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fall

the

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ng.